JETHRO TULL · KICK AXE · PALLAS

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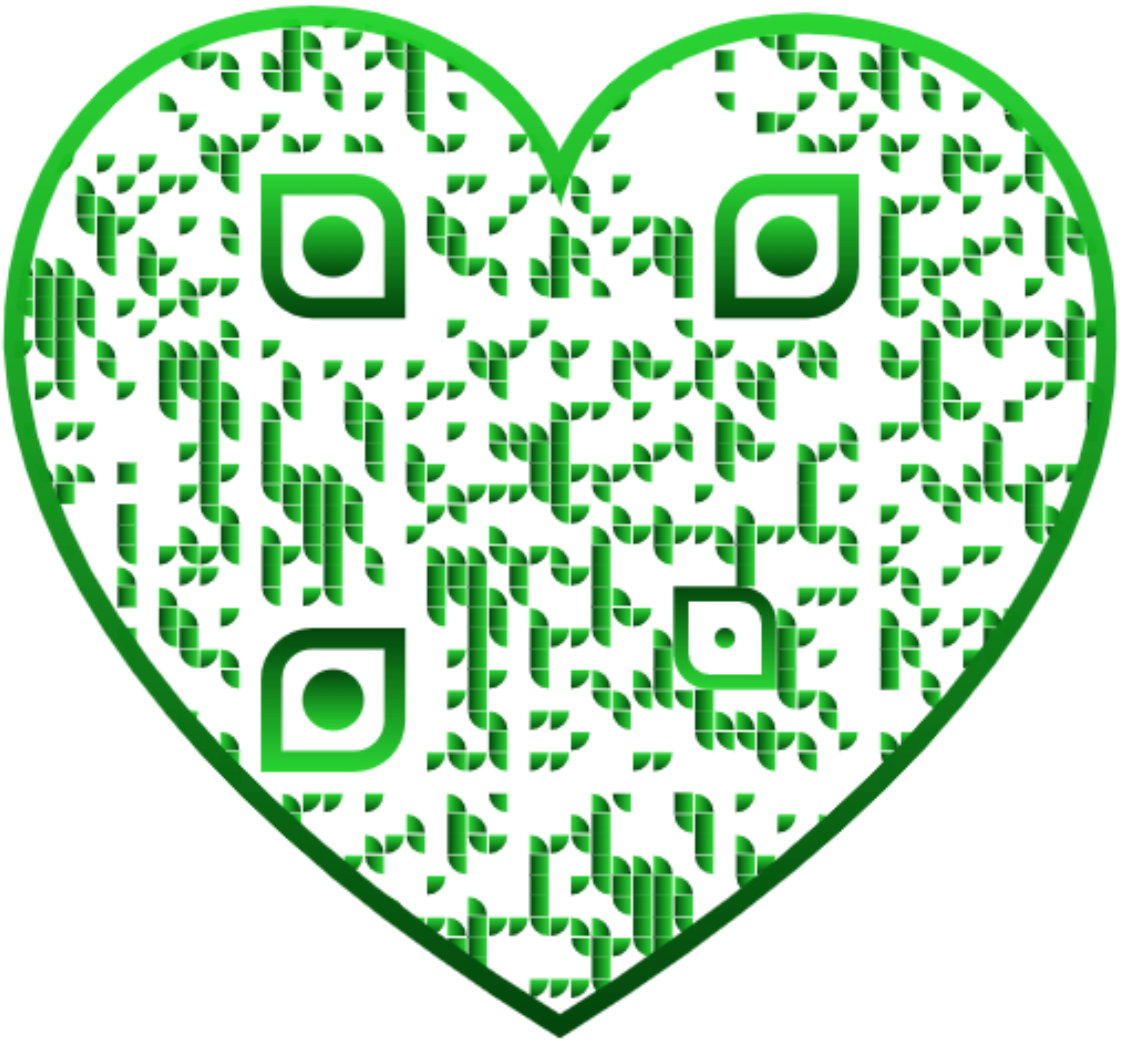
KERRANG!

Illustration IAN GIBSON

MERCYFUL FATE · KROKUS · HELIX · QUIET RIOT



Pic Ross Halfin

Pic Fin Costello

LIVE AT FIRST STING!

■ **W.A.S.P.** (bassist/vocalist **Blackie Lawless** pictured on this page) head out on their first UK tour during September with the following dates: **Belfast Ulster Hall** 18, **Dublin TV Club** 19, **Middlesbrough Town Hall** 20, **Newcastle Mayfair** 21, **Birmingham Powerhouse** 23, **London Lyceum Ballroom** 24, **Nottingham Palais** 25, **St. Albans City Hall** 26.

Special guests for the whole tour are **Wrathchild** (see inset pic), with **Thor** added to the bill for the Lyceum show only.

W.A.S.P. will follow these gigs with a European trek between September 28 and October 12 (approx) taking in Germany, France, Sweden, Finland and Denmark.

The band were actually involved in two incidents with guns recently in Los Angeles. On the first occasion, they were out doing a photo session in Hollywood when a passing fan took offence after he was refused permission to take his own snaps of the Lawless crew. After being chased away he returned later in a car and fired off two shots from a hand weapon; nobody was hurt.

On the second occasion, guitarist **Chris Holmes** injured himself in the chest and arms after firing off a shotgun at an old wrecked automobile. The ricochet from the blast caused the (fortunately, none too serious) damage.

■ THE 24TH **NATIONAL ROCK FESTIVAL**, scheduled to take place at **Lilford Park** in Northamptonshire over the August bank holiday weekend, has been cancelled. This decision was taken by the organisers, **NJF/Marquee**, following the rejection by East Northamptonshire District Council of their application for a music licence to stage the event.

On August 6, the council's recreation sub-committee (responsible for granting the licence) decided such was the strength of local opposition to the festival that they couldn't endorse the application. This left the NJF/Marquee with three options:

1) To lodge an appeal. However, such an appeal would only have been heard at the earliest just five or six days before the festival leaving no time, should it prove successful, for basic onsite amenities (for instance running water) to be arranged and installed.

2) To find an alternative site. This was highly impractical at such a late stage in proceedings. However, unsubstantiated rumour does suggest that the organisers tried to secure a football stadium to house a truncated event with no success.

3) To cancel the whole thing.

Of course, the most obvious question is why was it left so late to apply for the licence. The answer seems to rest with the fact that although an Act of Parliament was passed in 1982 requiring all outdoor musical events to be licensed, nonetheless it was left to the discretion of each local council as to whether they wished to implement the procedure. East Northamptonshire District Council only adopted the ruling on July 2 this year; the original NJF/Marquee letter informing the council of their agreement with the owners of Lilford Park was sent on June 7!

Officially, the reason for the licence being refused hasn't been released. According to a spokesman for the council, "It will be announced later". However, unofficial *Kerrang!* sources have suggested that a local fear of the supposed debauchery and excess which is traditionally associated with all things rock 'n' roll lies behind the decision. Not even the festival's record of 23 trouble free years could allay these worries.

As far as ticket refunds go the following arrangements have been made:

1) Those who purchased tickets direct from the NJF/Marquee offices and have already received them should return these immediately to: **NJF/Marquee, 90 Wardour St, London W1**.

2) Those who have sent cheques/POs to the NJF/Marquee but have yet to receive tickets will have their money returned *via* the SAEs requested with all applications.

3) Those who purchased tickets from local agencies will have to return to the point of sale for a full refund.

As for the bands booked to appear this year, at the time of going to press it remains a possibility that some will attempt to gain slots on the bill for the **Nostell Priory Festival** in Wakefield between August 24–27 (see *Mayhem* issue 73 for full details); already **Wildfire** have been added to the line-up on Saturday, August 25. In the meantime, **IQ** have lost no time in setting up a show at **Wellingborough The Tithe Barn** on August 23.

As for the future of the National Rock Festival, it's highly probable that attempts will be made to organise one for 1985, although we can assume that Lilford Park won't be hosting it.

■ A MAJOR two day festival is to be held at **Le Bourget** in Paris on August 29/30. Called the **Breaking Sound Festival**, the announced line-up of bands is as follows: **Dio, Ozzy, Metallica, Virgin Steele** (the **Jack Starr/Rhett Forrester** incarnation), **Mercyful Fate, Tokyo Blade, Bullet, Sortilége, Blue Öyster Cult, Gary Moore, Mötley Crüe, Accept** and French band **Tanker**.

The event has been organised by **Karol Music** and tickets are priced at about £15.50 for the two days.

In the meantime, **Barclay James Harvest, Night Ranger, Joe Cocker, Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul** plus German band **Sinner** appear at a 30,000 capacity outdoor venue in Worzburg, W. Germany on September 8.

Still on the Euro festival front, the **Scorpions** have been confirmed as the headlining act for the next **Aardschok Festival** to be held on November 18 at s'Hertogenbosch in Zwolle, Holland. Other bands now booked to appear are **Mercyful Fate** and **Blind Fury**. **Joan Jett**, who is likely to support the Scorpions on their late Summer/early Autumn European tour, is expected to fill one of the vacant slots on the bill; the other will go to 'an American HM group' with **Exciter/Anthrax/Helstar/Slayer** among the favourites.

Ticket prices will probably be around the £6 mark and more details are to be announced in the near future.

Still on the Scorpions front, the band have finally released their new UK single through *Harvest*. Available in both seven inch and 12" formats, both feature **'Big City Nights'** on the A-side with **'Bad Boys Running Wild'** on the flip, two cuts from the 'Love At First Sting' album. A limited edition 12" picture disc will also be put out. See review issue 71.

■ **MARILLION** are to issue a budget priced live mini album (selling for about £2.99) on the *EMI* label towards the end of October/beginning of November. Titled **'Curtain Call'**, it's been produced by the band themselves and has the following track listing:

Side One (recorded at Montreal The Spectrum): **'Assassing'**, **'Incubus'** and **'Emerald Lies'**.

Side Two (recorded at Leicester De Montfort Hall): **'Forgotten Sons'**, **'Garden Party'** and **'Market Square Heroes'**.

It's unlikely that there will be any new Marillion studio product before mid-1985.

■ **MOTÖRHEAD** issue a double compilation album titled **'No Remorse'** through the *Bronze* label on September 7. For full details see issues 69 and 72.

The band, who are expected to begin recording a new studio LP during September, take to the road in October for their first full length tour as a four-piece. The dates are: **Nottingham Royal Centre** October 25, **Birmingham Apollo** 28, **Manchester Apollo** 29, **Sheffield City Hall** 30, **Middlesborough Town Hall** 31, **Newcastle Mayfair** November 1, **Glasgow Barrowlands** 3, **Blackburn King George's Hall** 4, **Margate Winter Gardens** 5, **Reading University** 6, **London Hammersmith Odeon** 7.

Tickets, priced at £5/£4.50, are on sale now at the respective box offices and the usual agents.

■ A NEW five-piece progressive rock outfit has been formed under the name of **Keats**. It features **Colin Blunstone** (vocals – ex-**Zombies**), **Ian Bairnson** (guitars – a member of the **Alan Parsons Project**), **Stuart Elliott** (drums – again from the Alan Parsons Project), **Peter Bardens** (keyboards – formerly with **Camel**) and **David Paton** (bass – another musician from the APP).

The band have just released their debut, self-titled album on the *EMI* label. Produced by **Alan Parsons** at Abbey Road it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Heaven Knows'**, **'Tragedy'**, **'Fight To Win'**, **'Walking On Ice'** and **'How Can You Walk Away'**.

Side Two: **'Avalanche'**, **'Turn Your Heart Around'**, **'Hollywood Heart'**, **'Ask No Questions'** and **'Night Full Of Voices'**.

■ VOCALIST **Jackie Bodimead** has now joined **Girlschool** on a permanent basis.

■ BIRMINGHAM BAND **Shy** have signed a recording deal with *RCA*.

■ **FRANK MARINO** has parted company with his long-time record company *CBS*. According to a management spokesman, "*we* decided to leave the label, he wasn't *dropped*."

Marino is presently shopping around for a fresh recording deal. The first release under any new agreement is likely to be a live album recorded last November in Chicago. In the meantime, the man is kicking his stackheels and occupying himself with occasional gigs (he recently played three in Finland); no major tour, though, will be pieced together until a new label contract has been inked.

■ THE **Brian Robertson/Chris Glen/Phil Taylor** alliance recently recorded four demo tracks at Polygram Studios in London with producer **Guy Bidmead**. The vocalist on the project was former **Grand Prix** member **Robin Mcauley**. As yet the band remains unchristened and their future plans are also undecided.

■ **BLACK SABBATH** begin work on their next studio album with producer **Bob Ezrin** at Phase One in Toronto during September. As yet untitled, the LP should be out on the *Vertigo* label during next January.

■ **ROCK GODDESS** have just begun work on their third album with producer **Chris Tsangarides** at Studio Miraval in the South of France, owned by **Jacques Loussier**. As yet untitled, the LP will hopefully be out in the UK/Europe at the end of October on the *A&M* label; an American release is scheduled for early next year.

The girls are to record 12 tracks in all, although only ten will make it onto vinyl. These will include nine **Jody Turner** originals, one cover (live favourite **'Bang, Bang'**, which will feature drummer **Julie Turner** on lead vocals) and two songs obtained 'from other sources' (one of these is likely to have bassist **Dee O'Malley** taking the lead vocal role).

■ **MANOWAR** HAVE approached actor **Kirk Douglas** to direct their next video for the track **'All Men Play On Ten'**, a a cut from their debut album for *10 Records*, **'Sign Of The Hammer'** (released on September 3). Apparently, Douglas' starring role in the 1958 film 'The Vikings' triggered the band's interest in the legendary Hollywood thespian. According to a spokesperson for the American quartet, Douglas has expressed a willingness to undertake this task, but hasn't yet confirmed the arrangement.

In the meantime, a special non-LP version of 'All Men Play On Ten' will be issued as a single at the end of August. It will be made available as a three-track 12" with re-mixed versions of **'Secret Of Steel'** plus **'Revelation (Death's Angel)'** on the flip.

■ **REO SPEEDWAGON** release their first album in two years during September on the *Epic* label in the US. Tentatively titled **'Classic Lines'**, it was produced by **Kevin Cronin** and **Gary Richrath** with assistance from **Alan Gratzer**; the engineer on the project was **Kevin Beamish**.

The band are expected to head out on a major American tour within the next couple of months; support act on at least part of this trek will be **Lionheart**.

■ **LITA FORD**'s next album might well be produced by **Dieter Dierks**. The respective parties are currently negotiating and, if all goes according to plan, we can expect a new Dierks influenced Ford single – her version of the **Bryan Adams/Jim Vallance** number **'(Where Do You) Draw The Line'** (recently covered by **Ted Nugent**) – before the end of the year, to be followed by the aforementioned platter.

■ **AXE**-GUITARIST **Michael Osbourne** was killed recently in a car crash whilst driving along an American freeway (exact location unknown) with fellow Axeman (in both senses of the term) **Bobby Barth**. The latter escaped with superficial injuries. As yet, it's not certain whether (or in what form) the band will carry on.

■ **PALLAS** WILL be appearing at **Wakefield Nostell Priory Festival** August 25 and **East Kilbride Calderglen Country Park Scottish Rock & Pop Festival** 26.

MORE MAYHEM! OVER PAGE

MAYHEM

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

■ **'BEYOND THE ASTRAL SKIES'**, the latest album from **Uli Jon Roth's Electric Sun**, will now be issued on the *EMI* label next January. For full details see **Mayhem** issue 65.

■ **MARSEILLE** have delayed the release of their latest single **'Walking On A High Wire'** on the *Ultra Noise* label (reviewed in issue 73) until the end of August. The band's latest album, **'Touch The Night'**, will be issued by the same company during October.

In the meantime, the outfit are anxious to recruit a new guitarist to augment their sound. Interested parties should phone them on: **01-205 9401**.

■ NORWEGIAN BAND **TNT** have just completed work on their second album. Titled **'Knights Of The New Thunder'**, it was produced by **Bjorn Nessjoe** at Nidaros Studios in Trondheim (Norway) and has the following track listing: **'Seven Seas', 'Ready To Leave', 'Last Summer's Evil', 'Knights Of The New Thunder', 'Deadly Metal', 'Break The Ice', 'USA', 'Tor With The Hammer', 'Without Your Love'** and **'The Klassisk Romance'**.

The band are presently negotiating a worldwide deal with the *Polygram* label and hope to have the LP released during late September/early October.

■ **QUIET RIOT** have just issued a new single on the *Epic* label. Available in both seven inch and 12" formats both feature **'Mama Weer All Crazee Now'** on the A-side with **'Bad Boy'** on the flip; the latter also contains **'Love's A Bitch'**, a cut from the 'Metal Health' album. See review issue 73.

GIRL GUIDANCE

■ ***SHE** HAVE recruited 18-year-old German born vocalist **Gudi Laos** (above extreme left) to join the line-up of drummer **Michelle Drees** (above, second from the left), guitarist **Kat Burbella** (above, second from the right) and bassist **Tracey Lamb** (above, extreme right).*

*The new quartet make their live debut at **London Marquee Club** on August 30.*

■ FURTHER TO our story in *Mayhem* issue 73, it seems that German band **Viva** have split up. It's now unlikely that their latest album, **'Apocalypse Now'**, will appear.

■ **SAVAGE**, having parted company with *Ebony Records* (see *Mayhem*, issue 60), are on the lookout for a new label deal. Interested parties should contact manager **Andy Foley** on **01-822 3712**.

■ **'LET THEM EAT METAL'**, the latest album from the **Rods**, is now expected out on the *Music For Nations* label at the end of August (see *Mayhem*, issue 69 for full details).

■ KEYBOARDSMAN **JENS JOHANSSON** and drummer **Anders Johansson** have left Swedish band **Silver Mountain** to join **Yngwie Malmsteen**'s new outfit **Rising Force**. The remaining duo of guitarist/vocalist **Jonas Hansson** and bassist **Per Stadin** have now been joined by drummer **Martin Hedener**; they are currently negotiating with a couple of potential keyboard recruits.

In the meantime, the band are anxious to find a lead vocalist. Interested parties should send tapes/photos/biographies to: **Silver Mountain Fan Club, Box 7508, F200 42, Malmö, Sweden.**

The outfit have a five album deal with *Roadrunner*.

■ *GUARDIAN RECORDS* have now signed a distribution deal with *Greyhound*. The first releases under this agreement are albums by **Millenium** (titled **'Millenium'** – see review issue 70), **Spartan Warrior** (**'Steel 'N' Chains'**) and **Incubus** (**'To The Devil A Daughter'**). They've also made available once again a compilation titled **'Rocksnax'** and have issued a new compilation under the monicker of **'Pure Overkill'**. The track listing for the latter is:

Side One: **'Comin' For You Baby'** – **Risk, 'Steal Your Heart'** – **Millenium, 'Lost In The Heat'** – **Tokyo Rose, 'Steel 'N' Chains'** – **Spartan Warrior, 'Give Me Back My Heart'** – Tokyo Rose and **'Runnin' For You'** – **Incubus**.

Side Two: **'Come's As No Surprise'** – Spartan Warrior, **'Rock Was Meant For Me'** – Millenium, **'When The Lights Go Down'** – Tokyo Rose, **'Caught Red-Handed'** – Incubus, **'Mirror, Mirror'** – Millenium and **'Victim Of Love'** – Tokyo Rose.

■ **THE COCKNEY REJECTS** have signed a deal with *Heavy Metal Records*. The band begin work on a new album with producers **Pete Way** (the man responsible for twiddling the knobs on their last platter, 'The Wild Ones', issued in late 1982) and **Leo Lyons** in the near future. Way may also be guesting on a few tracks. It's hoped the LP will be out during mid-Autumn.

The quartet's line-up remains unchanged, featuring **Jefferson Turner** (vocals), **Micky Geggus** (guitar), **Vinnie Riordan** (bass) and **Keith Warrington** (drums).

YOU WANTED THE BEST AND YOU GOT IT!

KERRANG!

THE SECOND SPECIAL EDITION OF THE ULTIMATE ROCK MAGAZINE. ON SALE AUGUST 30

FROM: NOISEAGENTS EVERYWHERE!

OUT NOW!

QUIET RIOT

THE NEW ALBUM & CASSETTE

Condition Critical

IT'S LETHAL. GET A DOSE NOW!

Epic

(Not) In League With Satan

DAVE DICKSON rumbles KING DIAMOND of MERCYFUL FATE. Pix RAY PALMER.

OH LORD, oh Lord. This is madness; it's two o'clock in the morning and the deadline looms ominously before me. They want the Mercyful Fate feature, the heartless bastards. This is no way for a professional to work, crank it out, man, crank it out.

Mercyful Fate, eh? The most renowned of the so-called Satanic bands currently doing the rounds. But why me? And why in Belgium? OK, so this is the International Affairs Desk, but Belgium isn't International Affairs, Belgium's *punishment!*

Here's a medical joke for you supplied by my friend Ralph: when the world needs an enema Belgium's where they put the tube! Funny, eh? But horribly true. If you're reading this in Belgium you have my sympathy. I'm really, really sorry . . .

But this is getting us nowhere. OK, so why am I here instead of Dr Doom, up until now Fate's prime champion in the press? Actually, Doom *is* here. He's downstairs attempting to reorganise the social structure of this God-foresaken land while I cross swords with Fate mouthpiece/vocalist King Diamond and trusty side-kicks, bassist Timi G. Hansen (formerly Grabber) and guitarist Michael Denner.

I'm here cos the band have a new album, 'Don't Break The Oath', out on *Music For Nations,* and cos Doom didn't figure there was any point him attempting to write another feature on the Fates. He's right, of course; time for him to move over and let someone get a different perspective on the situation.

So, are Mercyful Fate going to make it? And by 'make it' I mean reasonably big, like two or three nights at Hammersmith type big? I think the answer is *no.* You see, outside of the figure of King Diamond they lack any real identity, without him the other four would be lost. But then WITH him they may well be lost too – they seem locked in an eternally doomed circle.

To become BIG in the aforementioned manner you need to be able to shift plastic in a fairly sizeable way, and nobody that I can think of has ever moved that much vinyl riding on a Satanic wave. You could argue, I suppose, that Sabbath did, but with them it was just a minor flirtation to grab some attention. Sabbath contemporaries Black Widow were once warned that their onstage conjuration of the demon Astaroth was "blasphemous" and would end up doing them no good at all. The warning proved all too accurate and BW fairly rapidly disappeared while Sabbath, as we all know, managed to stick around long enough to become a parody of themselves (no mean feat in this day and age!) To be fair to Sabbath, though, they at least had some modicum of talent while Widow were nothing more than a stageshow. Can the same be said of Mercyful Fate?

MERCYFUL FATE (l-r): Michael Denner, Timi G. Hansen, King Diamond, Hank Sherman and Kim Ruzz.

MICHAEL DENNER seemed anxious that I mention Mercyful Fate's music in this feature. He approached me after some 70 minutes of interview (over 40 minutes of which had been devoted exclusively to Fate as a BAND before I turned to the Satanic angle), hoping that I wouldn't concentrate on their Satanic image. But then during that interview he'd hardly said a dozen sentences; Hansen had contributed little more and the rest had been consumed wholesale by King Diamond!

Really, this band seem positively in awe of their lead singer and spokesman, and to me, screw it, if the man wants to talk, I'll let him! The plain fact is, however much Diamond may have tried to redress the balance, Fate are a one-man band, especially when it comes to their visual presentation. Guitarists Denner and Hank Sherman are not exactly slouches when it comes to churning out the odd mind-mangling riff or solo but they'd bore the s**t out of you if you ever got stuck in a lift with them. Diamond, on the other hand, has a goodly stack of stories he'd love to lay at your feet if you give him a sympathetic ear. Here's an ear, King.

But the basic reason I'm here, at least as far as I'm concerned, is because of something that Diamond said at the end of his last heart-to-heart with Doom (issue 53). He stated: "*I personally find the Satanic philosophy of* 'Do What Thou Wilt Shall Be The Whole Of The Law' *very appealing because it gives you the freedom to be yourself.*" For me, and anyone else who's ever studied the life and teachings of Aleister Crowley, this really blew Diamond's gaff – besides which it really got up my nose! This is a patently false statement, but we'll get to that later.

It became obvious in the course of my interview that Diamond had never really been challenged by anyone who knew anything about magic and had been allowed to get away with spouting half-assed philosophies based loosely on Anton La Vey's *'The Satanic Bible'.* This isn't meant as an *exposé,* however; firstly because I believe Diamond is quite genuine in his interest in the occult – he just doesn't know f**k all about it! He's dabbling in something potentially very dangerous and if you're going to play with fire you have to expect to get burned, so call this a little singeing! And, secondly, if I did proclaim the poor bastard as a false prophet it would only do him more good than harm. Bad publicity in a case of this sort only does the recipient the world of good. But first the album . . .

IS '. . . THE OATH' noticeably different from 'Melissa'?
(Actually, this is the boring bit so if you want to skip forward to the meat and gristle of this feature, feel free)

Hansen: "It's far heavier . . . and the songs are better all round."

Diamond: "The arrangements are better. You'll find when you listen to the songs that they fit together better. I think our songwriting has really developed."

Has that come about through touring, more rehearsing or what?

Hansen: "A combination really."

Diamond: "Yeah, we rehearsed more and by getting more experience on the road you get more confident. Three gigs in a row is worth 30 days rehearsal."

And doubtless you'll be touring?

Diamond: "As soon as the album's out, we'll start touring Europe playing about 1000 capacity halls. Some places we might be playing 2-3000 seaters, it depends on which country and how big the interest is."

The album'll probably be out by the time you read this; if you're not sure about buying it then read Doom's (it's bound to be Doom) review. But, before that, let's hear about what went down on Manowar's UK tour earlier this year; what happened guys, quitting after ONE gig? (MF's basic gripes were outlined in *Mayhem,* issue 64 – lack of soundcheck time, no access to the mixing desk, limited PA, etc. Basically, they claim they were "sabotaged" by Manowar's crew.)

Diamond: "We can't accuse anybody because we don't know . . . but we have an idea. I think that Paul Clark (Manowar's tour manager) must have been involved because when we'd finished the gig and moved our gear from the stage we were supposed to put it in Manowar's trucks for them to truck it out. But Clark said, 'You're not putting your gear in our trucks!' Martin Hooker (*MFN* boss) was standing next to him and he went mad and said, 'What the f**k are you talking about? We paid so much money to get you over here and you agreed to truck Mercyful Fate's gear!' 'Oh, you must've misunderstood, Martin!' Clark said, and then he just walked away.

"So, we decided that quite a few things had to change if we were to go on with the tour. If things had stayed as they were we'd have lost a lot of fans in England because they wouldn't have been able to recognise any of our songs, and we'd have lost even more money because we'd have had to hire a truck and stuff (Manowar compromised, apparently, and offered to carry Fate's gear ON TOP of their trucks. Big of them, eh?) In the end, we just went straight home and lost the £1500 we'd paid up front."

So why the screw-up?

Diamond: "I think they were afraid of us because we were told they needed a band who could sell tickets for them on the tour, so they had to bring along a group who had a name. They were on *MFN* and *MFN* suggested us and they said, 'Yeah, OK'. But from what we heard we had sold more tickets than they had – and if we could get that information then so could they.

"Actually, we had a good laugh at them; just hearing them before they went onstage. 'We are Manowar, we fear NO-ONE!!' But that's exactly what they were doing – they were scared as hell!! And then they started putting on their *Johnson's Baby Oil* and working on their muscles ready to go onstage – going out to pose in front of an audience instead of playing, it was so silly."

THE DEADLINE still looms like a half-crazed blood-beast and this time it's MY blood the f**ker is after. This is the kind of back-to-the-wall situation that sends the brain full-tilt into a senses-battering overdrive, a gung-ho crash-course for the finish line with the foot pumping maniacally through the floor and f**k the stray dogs who get in the way, dumb bastards, this is serious business and this is the bit where we come to the Satanic stuff so pull up a chair, listen, learn and don't interrupt.

First, a few basic facts for you to chew over. To kick off, all

Satanists are magicians (and we ain't talkin' Paul Daniels here, kids. That's conjuring, trickery. Magic is the ability to alter the physical universe through the application of the will.) Not all magicians are Satanists, but all Satanists are magicians.

Secondly, magic exists. It acts as a force in the Universe the same way that electricity or sound do. Science attempts to dismiss its practise as hokum because it can't explain how it works but this makes as much sense as attempting (as they once did) to dismiss the idea of Black Holes because they can't be explained either. You can see a Black Hole if the circumstances are right and you can see magic at work too, if the circumstances are right.

Thirdly, magic obeys physical laws just the same as everything else, you just have to know what the laws are to be able to operate it properly.

Fourthly, there is no such thing as Black or White magic, there are only good or bad people who use the force of magic in different ways.

Fifthly, everyone has the potential to practise magic but it requires a tremendous amount of discipline and years of careful study to do it properly (it took Aleister Crowley – who we shall come to shortly – 23 years of hard labour and daring experimentation to reach the tenth, and highest, grade of magician.)

Sixthly, there are four fundamental rules to the practise of ritual magic: To Know, To Dare, To Will and To Be Silent. What this basically means is that magic is a closed order; it can only usefully be taught to someone inside a proper school or coven, of which there are plenty in this country. And once you're inside that's it, you don't talk about it to outsiders, not if you want to remain a practising magician who's going to climb up the 10 grades.

Seventhly, the practise of magic is a very skilled and complex art that requires rigorous and extensive training under the supervision of people who know what they're doing. The invocation of spirits and demons without proper knowledge is extremely dangerous and about as sensible as sticking a wet finger into an electric light socket!

Eighth, and lastly, King Diamond knows none of this because basically King Diamond doesn't know what the f**k he's talking about. He has a little knowledge garnered from a less than totally reliable source and has made that stretch an awfully long way because no one has, till now, seen fit to challenge him.

After our interview, I gave him the name of a book by Aleister Crowley he should read which sets out, relatively simply, the practical application of magic(k) and explains what it's all about. The book is titled *'Magick In Theory & Practice'* by Aleister Crowley and is published by *Dover*.

OK, so now you're in possession of the facts, all you need to know is that the phrase *'Do What Thou Wilt Shall Be The Whole Of The Law'* is a brief summary of Aleister Crowley's

CONTINUES PAGE 38

KING DIAMOND discovering the difference between Gouda and evil . . .

ALBUMS

Pic Ross Halfin

BLACK 'N' BLUE: bruise power!

BLUE CHEER

BLACK 'N' BLUE
'Black 'N' Blue'
(Geffen import)

EVER SINCE I first klapped eyes on the mighty Black 'N' Blue earlier this year at the Hammy Odeon where they put on a fine display supporting those ol' cobras Whitesnake, I'd been waiting with bated breath to see how they'd fair on vinyl. And would you Adam and Eve it, this Los Angeles quintet have come up with an absolute gem. Even Paul (Telex) Suter would swap from a Bacardi 'n' coke to a strong bourbon after hearing this delightful slice of catchy FM mayhem. Indeed, only Metallica and Legs Diamond have come up with stronger product this year!

Let's get straight to the point; B 'N' B kick some serious ass, and if, like me, you're into straight ahead, no holds barred, down-the-line HM with catchy hooks, then you'll just dig the s**t out of this album. Hats off to Dieter Dierks whose spot-on production can't be faulted. I would strongly recommend that Twisted Sister check out the man and his studio when they next come to record, as he seems to have got the sound just right for this style of 'chug-along' Metal.

That sound, indeed, is rich and strong in texture throughout, similar to a Turner painting, with layer upon layer of teasing guitar riffs and high whining solos. The opener 'The Strong Will Rock', which has a very amusing motorbike kick-start intro, could quite easily be a TS outtake, especially the simple but effective chorus. I mean, how can you go wrong with lines like: '*The strong will always rock/The strong will always roll/The strong will survive with rock and roll*'?

And not only does frontman Jaime St. James look like Dee Snider, he also manages to sound like him on occasions, though I personally think St. James has a better voice – just lend an ear to 'Hold Onto 18' and you'll see what I mean. If fellow LA rockers Ratt can achieve chart success with the likes of 'Round And Round', then B 'N' B should have no trouble charting with '18'.

Other standout kuts on Side One are 'School Of Hard Knocks', which comes complete with the throwaway line: '*From the school of hard knocks/We come to rock your socks off*', and another TS flavoured tune, 'Wicked Bitch', all about dodgy boilers and groupies and the nasty tricks they can play on bands and people in da music biz generally. You can feel the band's anger towards these gals in their heavy pounding riffs, every chopping chord is delivered like a knife in the back!

Side Two, however, is definitely stronger material wise. I mean, how can you go wrong with a rousing version of that Sweet klassik 'Action'? I actually prefer this new '84 rendition, as it has a lot more bite and energy than the original, though it's still delivered in that tongue-in-cheek style associated with 'bubblegum' Seventies glam.

Sensibly, the best two kuts have been saved until the end; firstly, there's the fast'n'furious 'I'm The King', on which guitarists Tommy Thayer and Jeff Warner completely steal the show with some very tasty playing, one simply riffing while the other churns out a highly interesting solo. And secondly, and best of all, album closer 'Chains Around Heaven', which with its simple but effective riff is really quite perfect. Heavy man!

I've got a gut feeling that this band could be very big; let's hope they tour Europe soon. Me, I'm off to get my squash racket re-strung!

XAVIER RUSSELL

VARIOUS ARTISTS
'Hell Comes To Your House'
(Music For Nations MFN 30)

HEINZ MAY claim to have 57 varieties, but –bar Alaska's boringly pretentious (though different) 'The Sorcerer' – this disc only has the one. It's heads down, no-nonsense, mindless boogie from opening riff to . . . er . . . closing riff, yet the difference between what really moves and what is still born is immense. Don't ask me why! It could be production, it could be playing, it could be vocals, it could be none of these, but you can slip the bands featured into a good or bad category at the drop of a pick.

The Good: Manowar's 'Blood Of My Enemies', prime blitzkrieg bombast, Earthshaker's 'Wall' and 'Young Girls' joined by Loudness' 'Esper' in a high-calibre Nip lock 'n' loll attack and, surprise of the pack, Metallica's 'Creeping Death', a Mr. T-tough thrasher that is positively brilliant.

The Bad: Exciter's 'Violence And Farce', Anthrax's terminally dull 'Deathrider', Hellion's 'Break The Spell', mere sub-Dio dirge, Helstar's 'Burning (Burned Out?) Star', the Rods waving their filthy plonkers all over 'Hurricane' and Tsunami needing a touch of 'Fire Water', yet unable to be either fired or inspired.

Really, that's all there is to say about 'Hell Comes To Your Bungalow'. Maybe you have to dig *all* the bands before the demons come a-circling (see LP sleeve). Thank the Lord then that I am a touch more discerning.

HOWARD JOHNSON

220 VOLT
'Power Games'
(CBS 25819 import)
STRIKE
'Strike'
(Tandan Records TANMLP 008 import)

AS DOC DOME diagnosed a coupla issues back, there exists only one cure for the Swedish rock 'n' roll blues – and that is Europe, with their majestic power. Yet in newcomers 220 Volt and Strike there are certainly signs that before too long there will be pretenders to the European crown!

220 Volt play 'Heavy Metal from the mountains of Sweden' informs a biog, and it ain't making a mountain out of a molehill! No indeed, cos the 220s, mere Swedish striplings aged 17-20, have the potential to produce some highly respectable rock 'n' roll! I say 'potential' because their second album, 'Power Games', does tend to skim somewhat leftsides of the classic tunes, always narrowly avoiding them instead of hitting the ol' nail on the head. 'Fireball' and 'Carry On' come close, but that elusive cigar stays wrapped until maybe next time around.

Strike, too, have a fair degree of lick-it-up potential. Their songwriting shows a certain innate sense of style without ever getting their tinderbox to really set things ablaze, but the six songs showcased here do indicate hope for the future. At the moment, they produce competent hard rock with some neat licks from one TC Rundquiz and the odd vocal gymnastic from either Rundquiz or drummer Stephen Wikstrom.

Profound they ain't, but there's enough good-time action in 'Radio Love' and 'Get Out' to promise something a little more substantial next time.

HOWARD JOHNSON

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 10

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LOVE AT FIRST STING

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HARVEST

ALBUMS

FROM PAGE 8

BENGAL TIGERS
'Metal Fetish'
(Heavy Metal Worldwide HMI SP19)
STRYPER
'The Yellow And Black Attack'
(Enigma E 1064 import)

I WON'T go into all my fetishes, but you can safely say that Metal is one of them, so I guess I've got something in common with Aussie four-piece Bengal Tigers! Their five-track mini-album is certainly an enjoyable stomp through every hard rock *cliché* there is, a text-book canter through the styles that make rock 'n' roll what it is today – loud 'n' proud, powerful 'n' potent.

The songwriting displayed during the likes of 'Break And Bend' and 'Heavin'' shows a definite savvy as to where HM is coming from. There's nothing that absolutely bends minds, but it's solid enough fare, and vocalist Gordon Heald, guitarist Barney Fakhouri, bassist Steve Tyler (who he?) and drummer Mick Egan are clearly having a ball pounding out the riffs, so who are we to deny 'em the right? What more can I say, but *kerrang!* to your hearts' kontent boys!

You may have gathered that the above Aussie outfit have little need for the more, er, ethereal aspects of life. Not so Stryper, who seem to represent something of a Black Metal backlash. Quoting Isaiah 53:5, '*By his stripes we are healed*' (wot?), Stryper are good Christian rockers to a man. '*Jesus is the way*', they say, and who can knock their approach when the music is as strong as this?

Coming on like a more Metallic Styx (backwards masking optional!) thanks to the De Youngian efforts of vocalist Michael Sweet, the Strypers, whose stage gear comprises yellow and black stripes almost exclusively, kinda *Pacers* gone wrong, are no mean rock force. Robert Sweet does indeed play '*power drums*', while the wondrously named Oz Fox can riff it up with the best of 'em, showing that God likes to bang his head 'n' all!!

Whether or not you agree with the band's sentiments, their lyrics are no more bland than many a Metal act, and with numbers such as 'You Know What To Do' and 'Loud 'N' Clear' they offer a good deal more than some secular groups I could mention!

HOWARD JOHNSON

MERCYFUL FATE
'Don't Break The Oath'
(Music For Nations MFN 28)

I'VE A TERRIBLE feeling that this review will be taken as more negative than it's meant to be.

Let me explain. Taken as an entity in itself, 'Don't Break The Oath' is a startling success. More intricately developed and arranged, better played, not to mention heavier than 'Melissa', it really does strike home as an album to savour, scoring prolifically on the Doom-ometer.

But Mercyful Fate have dodged the most fundamental issue of all: what sort of future do they really have? As things stand (much though I hate to admit it) the office *Dinky* toy, Dave Dickson, is right when he suggests that the band have backed themselves into a distinctly worrying corner.

Fate have established a very clear Satanic identity that's unacceptable to the majority of mainstream rock fans. In order to survive and prosper for any lengthy period of time the band must learn to moderate both their image and lyrical approach. This depends largely on King Diamond's attitude; already there are considerable rifts within the MF ranks concerning their future direction and unless the vocalist can be gently persuaded to shift his distinctly black outlook into a more balanced perspective then there's a crisis just beyond the next full moon. To stay with King would almost certainly doom the four instrumentalists under prevailing conditions to cult asphyxiation; to leave him now and dig their own furrow would cruelly expose their lack of charisma . . .

Ah, but let's leave such morbid (goat's) horns of a dilemma; this is an album review, not a *Komment* piece. So break out the batons and let the music rip.

As I intimated earlier, 'Don't Break The Oath' is a superb exposition of what Fate do best. Each song has been carefully nurtured to allow for maximum drive and decibel distribution. The guitars of Hank Sherman and Michael Denner pulsate with a lithesomely articulated urgency, whilst Kim Ruzz sets about his drum kit with swerve, verve and fiery abandon and bassist Timi G. Hansen (formerly Grabber) bustles with a brat-style strength. And there's the King himself. Yes, I'll admit that his vocal style is an acquired taste, but he has learnt to great advantage to use his voice in a far more theatrical sense than ever before.

The material itself is undoubtedly stronger than previously. Numbers such as 'Gypsy', 'Come To The Sabbath', 'Nightmare' and 'Night Of The Unborn' shiver and shimmer, melody lines to the fore and riff piled upon riff rather in the manner of a multi-vehicle ruck on the M1. Lyrically, the presentation of demonic/Satanic symbolism has now been honed down to a sharpened focus . . .

In the short term, Fate deserve to wallow in the praise and sales which will inevitably flow from the contents of 'Don't Break . . .'. But to move on, the band are gonna have to go directly against the sentiments of this LP's title!

MALCOLM DOME

STRYPER: the band that makes Quiet Riot's Kevin DuBrow look like a zebra crossing

ERIC BURDON
'The Road'
(Thunder THBL 1017)

WHAT A VOICE! What a band! Eric Burdon sneaks in with a superb album on an indie label that deserves credit for backing his project. This isn't machine-tooled digital product. This is a man shouting his feelings with a musical accompaniment that has the same sense of humanity and scale.

The production is uncluttered and unpretentious, and the result is a burning realism, perhaps out of place and out of time. It might require much mental adjustment for ears accustomed to a daily battering of Frankie Goes To Hollywood, but Eric's voice and his all-American band have their own kind of power and persuasive appeal.

This is best displayed on a song called 'Bird On The Beach' – slow, measured, yet with shouts of 'freedom' and a gospel backing choir that sums up the Burdon musical philosophy. After some years spent in obscurity, after a wild, misspent youth, it would be quite natural if Eric had come back a shattered man, his vocal powers destroyed, his spirit dimmed. Not so! Quite apart from his recent reunion with the Animals, Eric has been playing solo gigs, which have showed just how much he's re-kindled his inner fires *and* matured in the process. This album represents the many facets of Eric's musical loves – rock, blues, gospel and reggae.

'No More Elmore James' is a new Burdon classic. Part narrative, part vocal, it mourns the disappearance of Black American blues in modern music, and recalls how it influenced Eric's youth. Him and thousands of others. As Eric sings 'Crawling King Snake' and 'It Hurts Me Too' you can hear snatches of Robert Plant, Mick Jagger, Georgie Fame and all the others who spent their schooldays digging out obscure records and soaking up the blues.

But the boys of Eric's generation lived through rock'n'roll as well, and the fast and frantic 'Lights Out' recalls the lunacy of the Fifties. Eric's richly expressive vocals are brought well up in the mix, and he's one of the few who can scream without losing the meaning and power of the lyrics.

This is the sort of entertaining, good-time album I'd love to hear Robert Plant make – perhaps in the guise of Melvin Giganticus. There's no harm in going back to the roots!

CHRIS WELCH

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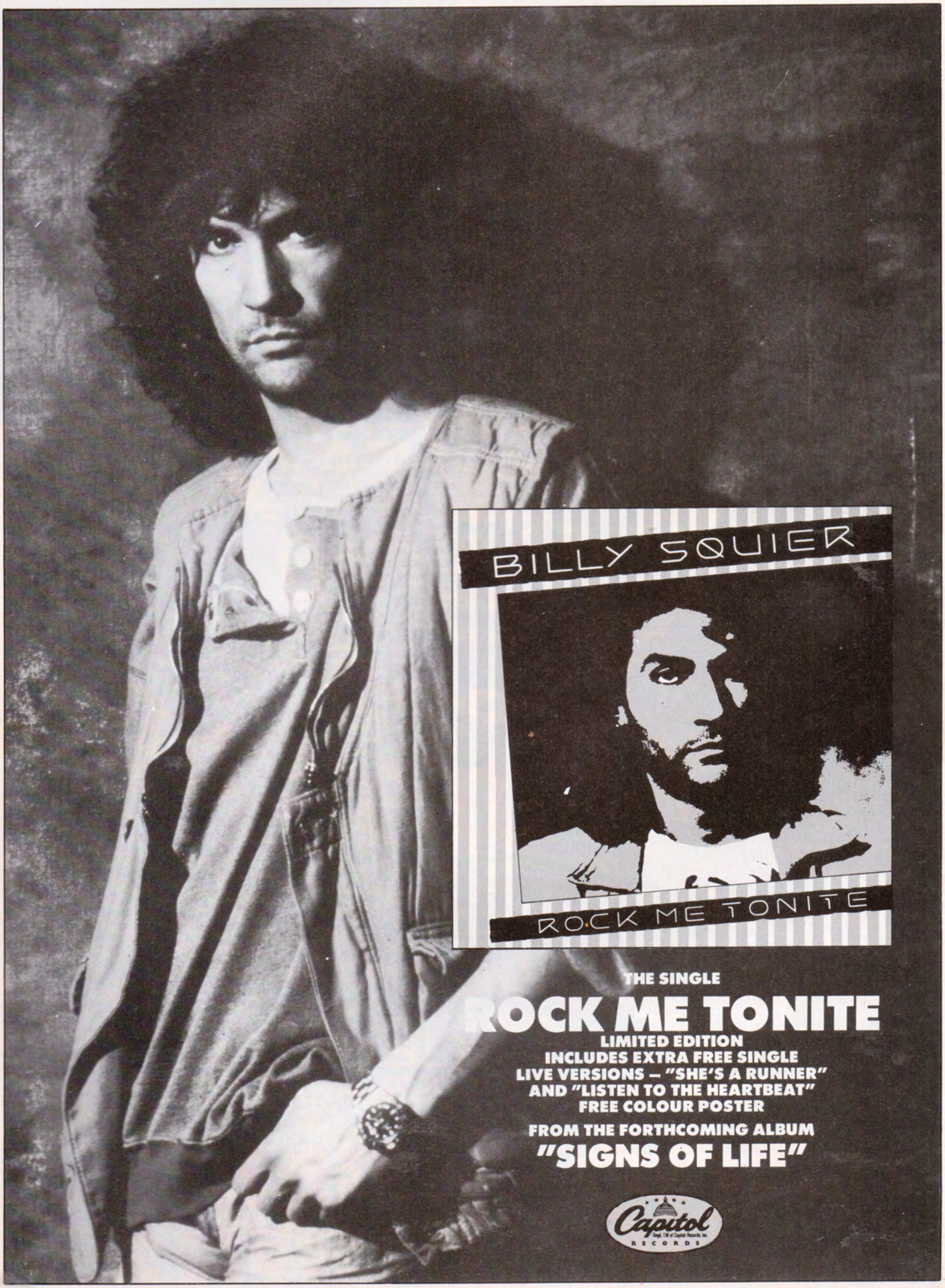

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FROM THE FORTHCOMING ALBUM

"SIGNS OF LIFE"

Capitol
RECORDS

ALBUMS

FROM PAGE 10

THE SWEET
'Sweet Sixteen'
(Anagram GRAM 16)

AT 16 TRACKS this must be something of a bargain whichever way you look at it. And the way to look at it is this: the Sweet were one of the all-time great pop/Metal bands and if you missed out on all those greats like 'Wigwam Bam' and 'Blockbuster' (ah, the memories, the memories: seeing Sweet thrash this one out on *'TOTP'* amidst strobes and tinsel and flashing red lights!!) then this is a quick and easy reference point from which to start your search for all those classic albums.

Side One (tracks one to eight) contains all the Chinnichap bubblegum hits of the early Seventies while on the flip (tracks nine to 16) we find, with one exception, group compositions, which are certainly closer in spirit to what the band were all about (ie: they're heavier!) Most notable here are 'Fox On The Run', 'Lies In Your Eyes' and the astounding 'Love Is Like Oxygen'. All of them are out and out classics and never (unfortunately) to be repeated gems.

Back on the first side there's 'Little Willy', 'Hell Raiser', the anthem of the Glam/teen days 'Ballroom Blitz' and the closer 'Teenage Rampage'. The album begins with two songs I only vaguely recall (Goddammit, I'm not THAT old), 'Alexander Graham Bell'/'Poppa Joe', both intriguing numbers dripping with hooks and obviously instant hits, the latter a kind of samba track regaling in the use of steel drums!

Turn it over and there's more guitar, meatier songs all round but, perhaps not surprisingly, less smash hits. In fact, as far as I remember, only 'Fox On The Run' and 'Love Is Like Oxygen' really did the business for the band on a huge scale. Nevertheless, the quality of the product on display here is not diminished one iota for that. These are great songs from a great band.

This album is by no means the full story, but it should give you a helpful sampler to discover which bits of the Sweet you want to taste some more of – so go on, indulge freely, this one won't rot your teeth!

DAVE DICKSON

THE GUN CLUB
'The Las Vegas Story'
(Animal CHR 1477)

ARE THE Gun Club relevant? the *Kerrang!* office wanted to know. Are the Gun Club RELEVANT???!! IS THE SKY BLUE? CAN EDDIE VAN HALEN PLAY GUITAR? DOES ELECTRICITY COME FROM OTHER PLANETS???

This is the Gun Club's fourth album, their third studio effort, the third exorcism of Jeffrey Lee Pierce's dark soul. This is a peculiar slab of vinyl, less accessible than its predecessors yet somehow deeper and more threatening for that. All the Gun Club elements are here intact, the swirling, ear-splintering guitars that swoop around your brain, the weirdly pitched vocal delivery that flutters and wavers and disturbs, and the thud, thud, thud of Patricia Morrison and Terry Graham's rhythms that pound like a mallet behind your temples. The added ingredient here is the more frequent use of slide guitar courtesy of Gun Club prodigal son Kid Congo Powers which lends this album a greater country tilt than either of the first two.

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THE SWEET: 'one of the all-time great pop/Metal bands'

'The Las Vegas Story' will crawl its way beneath my skin before long and lock its claws there. It's that kind of an album. There're no singles here, no instant singalong choruses, just a sense of something altogether more profound. It challenges you, the listener, to delve into its darker recesses and pull out what you may, so be warned. What we have here is something like the aural equivalent of Polanski's 'Repulsion' movie – strange, dark, demanding, compelling, but ultimately, perhaps, too haunting for its questions to be resolved.

There are two tracks here worthy of special note, Side One's 'Walkin' With The Beast' and the flip's 'My Man's Gone Now'. The first shows Pierce exuding a crawling fear of a tale over some guttural rhythms, while the second has him tipping his hat to one of his great heroes with a cover of a George Gershwin number from the classic opera, 'Porgy & Bess'. Pierce's piano accompaniment here is totally devastating, a glorious echo of the earliest days of blues/jazz fusion – completely and utterly brilliant.

If you're prepared to give this album a chance to work its way into your brain you'll find yourself hooked and amply rewarded. It's a staggering piece of work and worthy of as much time and thought as you can give it.

DAVE DICKSON

HELIX
'Walkin' The Razor's Edge'
(Capitol ST-12362 import)

SHORTLY TO be unleashed in Britain as a domestic release, Helix's second/fourth (delete according to attitude) album is clear evidence of their growing stature as contenders for major headline status.

The band are capable of getting sophisticated, and occasionally do, but 'Walkin' The Razor's Edge' is basically a classic fun-time slice of HM party action, an exuberant celebration of the ethos of the powerchord. Three titles contain the word 'rock' or 'rockin'' (note the obligatory missin' 'g') and six more of the seven might as well mention it too, but with Helix in this form that's no bone of contention.

What we have here is a party on a record, but as with the few great exponents of HM it's a party that bears replaying. Producer Tom Tremeuth has done his customary excellent job in conjunction with a Rodney Mills mix, and there's life in every micromillimeter of vinyl, particularly in the scorching guitars of Paul Hackman and Brent Doerner.

The pen of Rob Halligan (*qv* Priest) has come up with a classic opener in 'Rock You', the perfect rock anthem and maybe the ideal weapon with which to prise Kevin DuBrow's fingers off the Excalibur of commercial Metal and pull it from the stone. This is one band that really breathes fire, and whoever played the guitar break on this track had clearly been swigging petrol first.

The ensuing 'Young And Wreckless' is another high point, another celebratory attack of melody and muscle with a glorious riff only equalled on album closer 'You Keep Me Rockin'', where an unexpectedly delicate intro leads into some rather more raucous power. The band only ease up once when they cover the age-old Canuck classic, '(Make Me Do) Anything You Want' (anyone remember A Foot In Coldwater?), the production adopting a church-like ambience that casts Brian Vollmer as choirboy (ha!), for once restraining his characteristic vocal roar.

Subtlety isn't exactly the main weapon in the Helix armoury, though; guesting bassist Spider Sinnaeve (of Streetheart fame) proves a bit of a traitor to the (heads down) cause with some wonderful moments, but babbling on about such things is only going to deflect me from the true path. On the evidence of this album, Helix could well become the definitive HM party band, and you *have* been invited to the party.

PAUL SUTER

CHAS AND DAVE
'Well Pleased'
(Rockney ROC 912)

THE PERFECT album for parties and ligs, cos by the end of Side Two I was pissed out of my brain and in continual hysterics. Yes folks, I'm 'well pleased' with this album.

XAVIER RUSSELL

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 14

motörhead

no remorse

ACE OF SPADES • OVERKILL • BOMBER • LOUIE LOUIE
MOTORHEAD • PLEASE DON'T TOUCH • IRON FIST • NO CLASS
JAILBAIT • STONE DEAD FOREVER • SHINE • WE ARE THE ROADCREW
STAY CLEAN • LIKE A NIGHTMARE • DANCING ON YOUR GRAVE • IRON HORSE
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COMING SOON

ALBUMS

FROM PAGE 12

CIRITH UNGOL 'King Of The Dead' (Roadrunner RR9832)

THE KNEELING skeletons that have made Cirith Ungol famous will just have to keep on praying for a good review, I'm afraid. How this record ever got released is a mystery; there must be a lot of deaf folk about, I guess. I seem to recall slagging the band's first album, 'Frost And Fire', which came out back in '81, for being one of the worst produced records I'd had the misfortune of hearing. And this time around it's more of the same – one spin was all I could take.

Lead vocalist Tim Baker sounds as if he's just got over a nasty dose of laryngitis, while bass player Flint would do well to check out a few episodes of that hilarious programme, 'Rockschool'.

But seriously folks, this isn't even funny. Shall we just say it's a case of 'Janet and John Metal' for beginners.

XAVIER RUSSELL

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Metal Treasures And Vinyl Heavies' (Action Replay ARLP 105) 'Rock Machine' (Action Replay ARLP 106)

TWO TREMENDOUS compilation albums featuring a broad cross-section of tracks, selected with care and imagination by someone who is obviously a fan of this kind of music as opposed to the usual disinterested marketing executive.

Loosely speaking, 'Metal Treasures . . .' represents the new wave of Metal (1980 onwards), while 'Rock Machine' is an inspired choice of old guard hard rock singles. It's interesting to consider the differences between the two collections.

What immediately strikes you about the 'good old days' as represented by 'Rock Machine' is the diversity of the songs and productions. There's the exquisitely-crafted sound of Rainbow's 'Since You Been Gone', the scraping fuzztones of Jimi Hendrix's 'Purple Haze', the strangulated vocal and voice-box solo on Joe Walsh's 'Rocky Mountain Way', Gary Moore's (and Phil Lynott's) poignantly sad 'Parisienne Walkways' and that quirky, overlooked gem, Be Bop Deluxe's 'Maid In Heaven' – one of my all-time favourite songs, yet surely an unlikely choice for any release these days.

The organ is the featured instrument on both 'Born To Be Wild' (Steppenwolf) and 'Tomorrow Night' (Atomic Rooster), while Electric Light Orchestra ('Showdown') have a real orchestral string section.

By comparison, the 'Metal Treasures' of the Eighties are a much more consistent and tougher proposition altogether. Not one of the 12 tracks features anything other than a cranked guitar sound. Mama's Boys ('Straight Forward'), Accept ('I'm a Rebel'), Exciter ('Violence And Force') and the sadly deceased Samson ('Losing My Grip') all give it the HM wellie with varying degrees of force, and these songs tend to fit a more identikit hard rock image.

The rising popularity of the psychotic fantasy is particularly in evidence with songs like 'The Ripper' (Judas Priest), 'Attack Of The Mad Axeman' (Michael Schenker Group) and Waysted's 'Women in Chains', my personal favourite on this album. The impression is of harder music for harder times.

I take my hat off to whoever chose these songs. Both albums sound as if you've suddenly tuned into an imaginary ideal radio station without a DJ. Every track leaves you wanting to hear the next one. Great party records for those of you too lazy to make your own tapes.

DAVID SINCLAIR

VINCENT CRANE of Atomic Rooster: how can he play keyboards when his jacket is still alive?

MONEY 'Trust Me' (Heavy Metal America HM USA2)

VERY NEARLY an outstanding record, but not quite. Money are a five-piece from the Cleveland area aiming at the North American HR target with the right idea (mostly) but the wrong results, leaving you interested but frustrated. Several of their songs have the basic ingredients for greatness, the band can all play and sing well enough, but they're not contenders yet.

Producer JC Molland (Joey Molland, ex-Badfinger/Natural Gas) has come up with a record that comes over a shade tinny and cheap – the sounds themselves may be captured well, but they're the wrong sounds. In a few cases, the sound is either fitting or immaterial; on the sleazy glam/Metal of 'So Sorry' it doesn't constitute a shortcoming, for example, whilst the rockaboogie nonsense of 'Go Down' (*'Where are all the women/When you want them to go down?'* – heavy duty poetry, huh?) would sound pretty oafish whatever was done to it.

The synths of Jeff Gastineau are cursed with some very horrid tones, and as a result all his work ends up sounding wrong, although to be frank the arrangements are sorely lacking and don't help to show anything off in a favourable light anyway.

'Lonely' is one of the principal victims; it could have been a killer with the best riff on the album, full of warmth and urgency, but the song's delivered much too fast for it to work properly, while the ensuing 'Undercover Love' is a bright, punchy rocker orientated towards a US radio stylishness that again misses out thanks to the arrangement. On the other hand, the dated, leaden balladry of 'Can't Happen' and a severe case of banal tedium called 'Feel The Change' are worth little more than the audio equivalent of fast forward, but at least the bulk of the album is listenable – frustrating, but listenable.

There's nothing wrong with Money that time and more thought can't put to rights, and both guitarist Tommy Weisend (writer of all ten tracks) and vocalist Michael Jaye succeed in impressing despite my reservations about the album as a whole. I'll pass on 'Trust Me' but I'll be interested to hear the follow up.

PAUL SUTER

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 16

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ALBUMS

FROM PAGE 14

BLACK LACE
'Unlaced'
(Mausoleum SKULL 8348)

BLACK LACE may look very silly; they have nevertheless made an excellent record, so I won't go on too much about their super-*clichéd* garb – more chains than a gross of portaloos plus more leather and razor-slashed *chic* than a po' boy can stand without smirking *very* heavily. God, all those belts and chains – they must sound like a Sherman tank as they spring from dressing room to stage.

But you can't judge a book by looking at the cover, as the old adage goes. On the other hand though, you can usually tell if it's in the right section of the library, and Black Lace certainly are. It's Noo Yawk Metal with a vengeance; rough, angry and attacking and thanks to the excellent production of Jeff Waxman (three tracks co-produced by Ross The Boss of Rowing Boat) the fire's all there on vinyl.

The majority of the material's penned by bassist Anthony Fragnito; it's unexceptional for the most part but more than adequate HM with the necessary traces of melody to keep boredom at bay. Surprisingly, the band have chosen to omit their best song, 'I Want Out', which appeared on their first demo, but there are still some excellent hooks to hang onto, and the highly VH-styled guitarwork of Carlo Fragnito keeps things burning brightly.

Black Lace are basically a gruff, heavy duty Metal outfit like so many others, but have chosen to offset this with the melody inherent in female vocals, and it's Mary Ann Scandiffio's voice that puts their material into focus, giving them a little identity in a field where so many bands sound much the same. She's a strong (although hardly outstanding) singer, delivering what the band needs to make tracks like 'Runner In The Night' and 'Born To Raise Hell' impressive rather than more of the same – add a *classic* male or a *good* female voice and there's an added attraction in the grooves.

'Unlaced' contains few real peaks, but the end result is a proudly effective example of HM good enough to stand up and be counted. The sound is not a million miles away from prime-time Anvil, and can be quite safely recommended to anyone looking for a good HM album to frighten the neighbour's cat with.

PAUL SUTER

CHARIOT
'The Warrior'
(Shades Shades 1)

A DISAPPOINTING set from Chariot who, despite making all the right moves, have produced an album that is simply too safe and predictable for comfort. Songs like 'Love Or Leave Me', 'Warriors' and 'Vigilante' are bog-standard Metal of the sort that must by now have saturated the market.

They all open with a riff and a couple of drum punches, then the bass, drums and rhythm come in for a couple of bars, followed by the vocals, and it all romps along through verses, choruses and solo till it finishes. A touch of the Lizzys here, a *soupçon* of Ozzy there, but really nothing you haven't heard a hundred times before. 'Horizons' is the epic song with the slow bit at the beginning, the fast bit in the middle, and another slow bit at the end.

The production is crisp, clean and airless, the playing precise and structured throughout, but there are just no good songs. If pressed, I would have to say that 'Power Games', with its sprightly interplay between the two guitars, and 'Run With The Pack', with its slightly unusual rhythms, are marginally better than the average, but prolonged exposure to the album left me overall feeling listless in the extreme.

DAVID SINCLAIR

BLACK LACE: 'Noo Yawk Metal with a vengeance'

music for nations presents the

Mercyful Fate

"don't break the oath."

two new

KROKUS
'The Blitz'
(Arista 206494)

TO BE honest (and why not?), I've never thought an awful lot of Krokus. Though enjoyable enough live, on record they've always come across, as far as I'm concerned, as the very personification of all that's trite and *clichéd* within the HM sphere. Sure, one or two songs broke the mould and were all the better for it, but for the most part what you got was watered-down riff 'n' roll *à la* AC/DC, a jumble of rehashed ideas delivered by a *'tish, boom'* rhythm section and a singer (Marc Storace) who, while powerful around the larynx, showed little sign of intelligent life above.

But hope, I'm glad to say, is at hand. Some fairly hefty personnel reshuffling has removed the band's more leaden elements, while the US success of last year's 'Headhunter' LP, achieving gold status on the back of hard touring and the extensive radio airplay afforded 'Screaming In The Night', the album's prime track, has given them a solid Stateside base on which to build. What's required now is a record to widen that appeal and convert all the gruelling groundwork into the sort of locomotive, self-perpetuating sales figures currently being enjoyed by Def Leppard, Ratt and ZZ Top . . . In that respect, 'The Blitz' may just be what the doctor ordered. Success on prescription . . .

Those of a Holmesian disposition will doubtless detect the usual Krokus formula at work here, but refined to an unprecedented degree and served up with lashings more style than of old. The songs are generally stronger, the arrangements more imaginative, the production (courtesy of Loverboy console king, Bruce Fairbairn) sharper and the lyrics, though no literary landmark, a clear step up from the barrel-chested banalities we've come to expect ('Smelly Nelly'? Gimme a break!)

Indeed, taken as a whole, the album has a Spring-fresh, vital feel, sounding as if all those involved were seldom out of party hats during their time in the studio – in particular, guitarist Fernando Von Arb who establishes himself here as a Guitar Hero of genuine repute. Just listen to his rip-snortin' solo on album closer 'Ready To Rock' or, more to the point, lend a good ear to 'Ballroom Blitz', an energetic cover of the Sweet classic, which he grabs by its tinsled lapels and transforms into a wild guitar showcase with enough serious 'wang bar' activity to challenge even the Tremelo Kid himself, B-B-Bernie Tormé.

Mighty good, a golden left-hook bang on the button, though it's 'Our Love' and 'Hot Stuff', two more finely-chiselled numbers, that prove to have the horse-shoe in the glove, delivering a lethal platinum combination that brings a lump to all sensitive regions, including the throat.

In the past, Storace's willy-obsessed wailings have often had a rather hollow ring, smacking more of two veg down the Y-fronts than true Suterian enormity, but here his poignantly powerful (autobiographical?) delivery proves totally convincing, burning on a measured fuse to choruses of powder-keg punch/panache. Really, those two songs alone should garner enough DJ response to push the album up to the million mark in the States, no doubt taking the Tom Allom produced 'Headhunter' along with it.

Elsewhere, the material follows more traditional lines, blending propulsive, mainly mid-paced, riffery and melodic flair to a choice degree. The catchy 'Midnite Maniac', better than its title suggests; the AC/DC-ish 'Out To Lunch', packed tight with slashed, *staccato* chords and deep down raunch; the male-orientated muscle of 'Boys Night Out', complete with crass Teaze-like chorus and motorbike burn-up, these are genuine *songs* played with power and commitment rather than mere mindless stabs at the headbanger vote (though each has enough fire down below to interest that fraternity as well as those of a more cerebral persuasion).

This broadness of appeal has a lot to do with production, the just-so vocal harmonies, the varied, subtle asides and the general attention to detail doing much to keep interest level at a peak. Very different from Allom's work on 'Headhunter', which rather highlights the tried 'n' trusted at the expense of the new.

Indeed, it's the little out-of-the-blue touches that make all the difference: the brief dub section during 'Our Love'; the moody, near choral mid-section of 'Rock The Nation', otherwise a truly excellent example of driving rock power; and the feverish 'crowd' noises at the start of album closer 'Ready To Rock', an atmospheric grounding for Von Arb's heavily distorting guitar that finally gives way to yet more urgent/urging rhythm work from new American drummer Jeff Klaven and bassist Mark Kohler (now back on guitar), though it's probably the rattling 'Out Of Control' that best showcases their combined white-knuckle momentun.

Really, with Angus and co currently slipping and sliding on some very black ice, Krokus may be the band to reap major dividends. Now wouldn't that be ironic? Just think of all the critics (myself included) who'd be forced to eat their words, not to mention goodly dollops of humble pie. What can I say? My knife and fork are polished and ready cos it's time, my fiery friends, to start putting on 'The Blitz'!

DANTE BONUTTO

BEST IN HEAVY METAL

THE RODS

"let them eat metal."

ALBUMS OUT NOW

BLITZDOMANIA

MALCOLM DOME katches up with a determined KROKUS in Vancouver, Canada, where the band have recorded their new album. All pix Robert Ellis.

"I don't wanna talk about Krokus" – Chris Von Rohr (former Krokus bassist), March 1984.

"I'm afraid I can't discuss what went on between Arista, *Krokus and ourselves" – Geffen Records* executive, May 1984.

*"********Krokus********"* – Peter Mensch (Def Leppard manager), any time during 1983.

CONTROVERSY SEEMS to stalk Krokus like a shadowy Nemesis. Over the past year or so, the band have:

(1) Got embroiled in a heated 'situation' with Def Leppard (see issue 56 for full story).

(2) Sacked founder member (and supposed leading light) Chris Von Rohr.

(3) Announced a new record deal with *Geffen*, only to quickly alter tack and re-sign with *Arista*.

Travelling the Vancouver trail to meet the band whilst they were recording their latest album, 'The Blitz', with producer Bruce Fairbairn at Little Mountain Studios, I was certainly eager to see for myself just how the boys were standing up to all the pressure currently being exerted on their career. Make no mistake, 'The Blitz' (scheduled for release on August 24) is the most vital LP thus far in Krokus' surge towards the mountain tops. It needed to take them a stage or two further up the path than the strong 'Headhunter' had managed. Have they succeeded? Read on . . .

It was raining in Vancouver when snapsman Robert Ellis and I landed on a Canadian Pacific Airways flight from the Scorpions-infested fields of San Francisco. But the welcome we received from the (then) quartet was nothing short of radiant. In the past, the Krokus lads have always seemed cordial enough, but on this occasion they were brimful of fresh enthusiasm, confidence and gut-level determination. Adversity has served to weld them together as a unit, prepared to work like never before in the cause of the 'whole' rather than the 'individual'.

"I do believe we've had a black cloud lifted from over our heads . . ."

GUITARIST FERNANDO VON ARB has often been considered the joker in the twin K pack. An affable personality, his penchant for silly mannerisms and even stranger stage clothing has led to him being dismissed as an 'air head'. He was once summed up as 'the Benny Hill of Heavy Metal' by none other than 'the Co-Co the Clown of rock journalism', Paul Suter. It perfectly reflected Von Arb's public profile.

But all that's in the past tense. The figure cut by Fernando Von Arb '84 is more sturdy and business-like. Since Von Rohr's stark, sudden departure, both 'Fern' and vocalist Marc Storace have been forced into a more upfront role than previously. Indeed, Krokus has now become very much their domain and responsibility.

FERNANDO VON ARB: "things have never been better in this band"

Sitting with the two of them (plus longstanding tour manager LD Glover, new drummer Jeff Klaven and rhythm guitarist-turned-bassist-turned-rhythm guitarist Mark Kohler), talking into the long, dark tunnel of the Canadian night, it soon became obvious that Krokus' future will be guided with a firm yet fair hand.

"I really don't want to talk about what happened with Chris," opined Von Arb when pressed on this particularly sensitive subject. "Let's just say the atmosphere in the band has improved out of all recognition since he was removed. I'm very upset that Chris has seen fit to have a go at us in the Swiss press; it can't do him or anyone else the least bit of good. So, please, I'd like to let the matter rest there, OK? I could start bitching about his musical abilities, but what's the point? We're busy making a new life for ourselves and, believe me, things have never been better in this band."

Following Von Rohr's sacking ("yes, we did get rid of him," agreed Storace), the band switched Kohler from rhythm guitar to bass ("he's a lot better than his predecessor," chipped in Von Arb. "I could get into a discussion about just how much of the bass on our previous albums was actually done by Chris, but . . ."). They also drafted in former Cobra drummer Jeff Klaven to replace the recently departed Steve Pace ("Steve is a great drummer, but far too technical for our needs," explained Storace).

This line-up recorded 'The Blitz', an album that certainly stands proudly as the best yet from the rocky power platoon.

"I've always felt that 'Metal Rendezvous' was our best effort up until now. But the more I play our current LP, the more I'm convinced it's better than 'MR'. The great thing about the production on this one is that it's broader than anything we've previously done, but Bruce hasn't snipped our balls off."

STORACE IS clearly delighted with the way things have turned out and all credit to John David Kalodner, *Geffen Records'* A&R window on the world, for

recommending Loverboy producer Bruce Fairbairn as the right man for the job.

"If you listen to what Bruce has done in the past with bands like Loverboy you get the impression that he's got a lightweight touch," admitted Storace. "But that's far from the truth. He added a lot of depth to the songs."

As for the numbers themselves, this time around the band made a conscious effort to move away from the crass lyrical approach ('*Playschool*' in crotch-tight jeans) that has spoilt so many people's enjoyment of their music. Consequently, Storace linked up his occasionally limited vocabulary with that of Klaven to form what the singer himself calls "the Acme lyrics, rock division . . .

"I think people will find that the new songs have a little more to say than anything we've previously committed to vinyl. In fact, I believe we'll attract a wider audience than ever before. 'Our Love', in particular, will gain a lot of female attention. For the first time in Krokus' career, we picked up feminine interest in our songs through 'Screaming In The Night' (from 'Headhunter'). The new stuff will augment this foundation.

"The members of Krokus have often been accused of being male chauvinist pigs, but if you look at the sentiment expressed in certain numbers I think you'll find we're more *female* chauvinist than *male*. I maintain that every healthy man fantasises about being raped by a 6'7" woman with huge tits and we've expressed this sort of erotic dream in our songs on a lot of occasions. The only trouble is that the idea gets misinterpreted somewhere along the line. Let's be honest, most women only think of men as sex objects anyway; they treat us the same way we treat them, right? All this feminist lark is just s**t."

She might not be 6'7" with huge tits, but Lee Aaron is enough of a fantasy figure to set male pulses racing at warp factor 9. Thus, when rumours started circulating to the effect that this prime rock 'n' roll mistress was to guest on 'Hot Stuff' (one of the truly memorable cuts on 'The Blitz'), collars were loosened and iced water ordered in at the *Kerrang!* office to cope with the expected rise in corpuscular temperature (one over-cooked Hojo coming up!). But Lee isn't in evidence at any point on the cut . . .

"Well, it was my idea to put her on in the first place," stated Storace. "But we did the track with just *my* vocals and *Arista Records* heard it and said, 'It sounds just fine as it is'. So, the plot fell through."

ONE OTHER interesting point with regard to the track listing concerns the presence of 'Ballroom Blitz', a cover of the Sweet classic. According to Storace, it's an idea that's been hanging around for a couple of years.

"Clive Davis (boss man at *Arista*) suggested it ages ago. This time around we had a little bit of spare time whilst Bruce was mixing the rest of the album, so we grabbed the second engineer on the project, locked ourselves away in the corner of one studio at Little Mountain and did the number live. On the record, the sound is different to the rest of the songs because it's so raw and spontaneous.

"Funnily enough, for a long time, *Arista* had it down on their release schedule as 'Bar-room Blitz'; our manager Butch Stone has a very strong Southern accent and they misunderstood what he was saying (hence also our mistake in *Mayhem*, issue 71)! We also decided at the last minute to change the album title from 'Midnite Maniac' to 'The Blitz'; it just sounded better, y'know?"

A free interpretation video for 'Ballroom Blitz' has been shot in New York under the direction of Martin Kahan (responsible for Kiss' 'All Hell's Breakin' Loose' and Mötley Crüe's 'Too Young To Fall In Love' videos) featuring the delectable good looks of the model who won last year's highly coveted 'Miss Cover Girl' award. It also provides the first glimpse of new boy Andy Tanas, formerly with Black Oak Arkansas and now bassist on Krokus' forthcoming American tour with Sammy Hagar.

"Andy is on a one-year contract with us," explained Storace. "We'll see how things develop before deciding if he stays on a permanent basis. Mark Kohler has now gone back to rhythm guitar.

"Touring with Sammy should be great. We're Special Guests on all his 49 dates (the trek kicks off in Texas on September 7) and we'll get good use of the lighting/sound systems. As far as UK shows go, hopefully we'll be able to play there next year. Obviously, though, a lot will depend on how the album sells."

So, how well will 'The Blitz' do among the *Kerrang!* faithful. Certainly, on the strength of the product alone, it deserves to sell in heavyweight quantities. But the band's UK profile has dipped considerably in recent years, so . . .

"*Arista* are really behind us now," chirped up Von Arb. "They clearly believe in us, especially in the States. I guess this will be our first US platinum LP; 'Headhunter' is close and will probably be pushed over the magic million mark by Christmas. But this is the 'Big One'.

"And let's clear up the *Geffen* matter once and for all. We never did sign anything with that company. They have us for publishing rights (Krokus negotiated that deal two years ago) and nothing else. I have a feeling those rumours might have been started by a certain former Korkus member who we mentioned earlier. It's true that our contract came up for renewel with *Arista* recently and that negotiations were opened with both them and *Geffen*, but at the end of the day we were happy to stay with the former."

So there you have it, the Krokus story brought up to date. Indeed, things couldn't be better for the band at the moment. Now that *Arista* have sorted out their American distribution problems with *RCA*; now that the personnel shufflings have brought about the best line-up in the group's history; now that they've delivered an absolutely magnificent album, surely the floodgates will open across the globe. Do yourself a favour . . . lend an ear to 'The Blitz', and hear a sure-footed rock band operating at (for them) an unprecedented pinnacle.

MARC STORCE: "We're more female chauvinist than male"

THE RECORDING KROKUS (l-r): Jeff Klaven, Marc Storace, Fernando Von Arb, Mark Kohler

THE VICE IS RIGHT

HOWARD JOHNSON talks to Kick Axe skinsman BRIAN 'drums, vocals and responsibility' GILLSTROM, pictured below

"GIBBER, GIBBER, gibber, foam, foam, gibber, foam."

Pretty nonsensical fare, I'm sure you'll agree, but these indeed were the sounds uttered by your usually verbose bard of bombast when his path through life was first obstructed by Kick Axe. Kick Axe? Yeah, Kick Axe, a five-piece Heavy Metal band from the Canadian climes of Saskatchewan, whose debut album, 'Vices', issued in the States on LA-based *Pasha Records*, does indeed produce this curious guttural reaction.

Now I know that Kick Axe the name doesn't actually lend itself to eliciting an outburst of positive vocabulary. Yeah, I too imagined a knuckle-head sandwich of half-baked bozos macho-strutting their way across a bunch of no-hope, still-born thumpers, but (as I stated in my 'Vices' album review) they've actually come up with one classic disc, full of thoughtful, original, talented Heavy Metal, chock-a-block with heavy hooks, magnificent melodies and head-on harmonies.

From the staccato strains of opener 'Heavy Metal Shuffle' through to cosmic closer 'Just Passin' Through' there is nary a duff moment, an obsolete chord, a vacant vocal! What more could I do than proclaim with a certain economy that Kick Axe, '. . . like . . . kick some serious ass!'? Only one thing, in truth, and that was speak to the maestros behind the music, in particular one 'Vice' Brian Gillstrom, drummer and leader of these particular butt pummellers.

From the faraway climes of the US of A comes the voice of 'Vice'. So, er, what's happening, man?

"We're having a ball!"

Not whilst we speak, I hope!

"Tonight will be our thirteenth date opening on Judas Priest's US tour, and the whole show is running real smooth, man. Everyone knows his job and the band are treating us so well it's amazing! We're playing as much as we can, filling in all the days off with our own club dates – it's really tight!"

YEAH, BUT before we get the KA lowdown there are a coupla things that our readers would just lurv to know. Like, why 'Vice' and why an album credit that reads '*drums, vocals and responsibility*'? A Vesuvius-style eruption of laughter melts my ears (they've since healed!)

"Ah, em, y'know the creature voices on 'Maneater'? Well I put the backwards masking on the album to make them. I am that particular terrible vice!"

Do I detect some sardonic anti-Moral Majority twist here? And the '*responsibility*' part?

"Now this is the, er, tricky one. I'll try to explain. When the band leaves a town and a certain thing has changed, well, I'm always the one responsible for it!"

A veiled reference, but you can't fox this hound. Wedding rings are not a part of the band's armoury, I presume?!

"I think you've got the general idea there Howard!"

Well, 'Vice', you must have taken a lotta responsibility in your time . . .

"Oh yeah, Kick Axe is basically a bunch of guys who've known each other since elementary school. Only our singer, George Criston, is a new addition, he's been with us for a coupla years. Since we were kids we've been working as Kick Axe and, although we're a new *recording* act, the band has been in existence for eight years!"

How come it took so long for you to be snapped up by a major label?

"It was really our old singer who was holding us back. We weren't happy with his head space, but it took a while before we found the right man to replace him. George had just split from a band in Milwaukee and when we happened upon him we knew we couldn't pass!

"We all got on so well it was amazing; we all loved the same music and things just started to happen. We found management (in the shape of the magnificently named Gary M. Stratychuk!) who really believed in us and we started demoing songs. We had 75 original titles and started sending tapes everywhere."

'VICE': "We love the women and we love the music."

AND HERE enters the catalyst (and capitalist, judging by Quiet Riot's 'Metal Health' album sales!), *Pasha* supremo/producer Spencer Proffer . . .

"Yeah, I think that 'Heavy Metal Shuffle' and 'On The Road To Rock' were on the first tape we sent to Spencer and he was very interested. We kept on sending him tapes and eventually he flew from California to check out the band in Canada."

Open cheque book in hand, I presume . . .

"Hardly! He saw us at a real dive in Alberta which wasn't too good, but we had a good party and got on very well with Spencer. He offered us a deal, so we packed our van and drove straight to LA!

"Spencer is real easy to work with. He's a hyper kind of guy with lots of energy, so he's very creative. I guess it was fate that brought us together!"

Cue drum rolls and wild applause. Blimey guvnor, it's enough to bring a tear to the eye! And was it, ahem, down to fate that the band came up with such a stunning set of songs?

"Er, I don't think so! We've been writing for years so it comes kinda easy. Most of the stuff was pretty fresh, but 'Heavy Metal Shuffle' has been in the set for eight years. As far as arrangements go, Spencer can take some of the credit, but we've always worked on that side of things anyway. We've worked our faces off on harmonies for a long, long time. It adds a lot of melody to some hard rockin' songs."

'VICE', GEORGE, bassist Victor Langen and twin axe-twirlers Raymond Arthur Harvey and Larry Gillstrom really have redefined 'state of the art' with their original 'Fusion Metal'. Kick Axe are *that* good – and healthy competition for the LA 'bangers whose home town thunder has been somewhat stolen by KA recording in that smog city.

"Actually, we tended to keep apart from the other bands cos we were so busy with our own thing! We did go to the *Rainbow* (home of nubile nymphettes ready to bestow favours on pistol totin' longhairs!) once or twice and, let me tell ya, there were a lot of nice ladies there!"

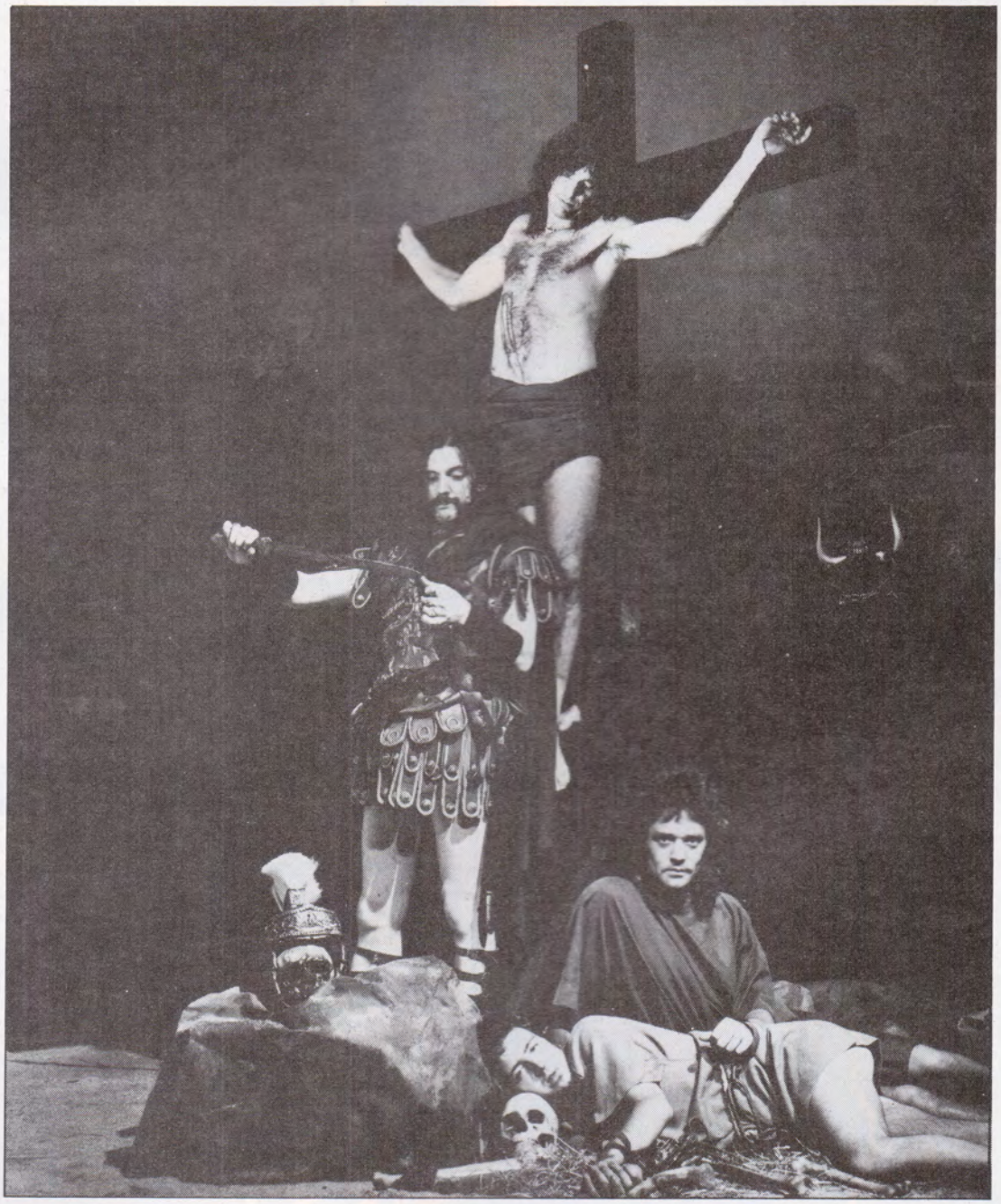
A major source of inspiration those ladies, so much so that the band were *pleased* to have their van totalled on Sunset Strip; they just collected the insurance money and enjoyed the bright lights for a while longer. I told you this was rock 'n' roll!

At present, Kick Axe are working furiously to get 'Vices' released in the UK, though there are no plans to put it out as yet.

"Our motto is: 'Work hard, play hard'. We love the women and we love the music. There are too many bands that go stale, that cut their hair and become businessmen. People can see right through that kinda trip and we don't want it to happen to us. We never wanna be a 'downer' type of band. There's no singing about nuclear wars or losing your girlfriend, just: *'Stay on top, gonna live it up, all night, every night!'* We feel good, we have a good time, we party!"

It's a route to the top that's bound to be littered with a good few naked ladies and empty bottles of '*Jack*', but if there's any justice in rock 'n' roll then Kick Axe will successfully navigate the course. Check it out. All together now: '*We're on the road to rock!*'

KILLED BY DEATH



BRONZE

7"c/w UNDER THE KNIFE (BRO 185)

EXTENDED 12" CONTAINING EXTRA TRACK (BROX 185)

(LIMITED EDITION ALSO AVAILABLE CONTAINING FREE COLOUR POSTER)

LIMITED EDITION SHAPED PICTURE DISC (BROP 185)

SINGLES

Reviewed by MICK WALL (see pic below)

IRON MAIDEN: we've heard of bands playing 'a blinder', but this is ridiculous!

IRON MAIDEN:
'2 Minutes To Midnight'
(EMI)

The tour kicks off in Glasgow on September 11 and if this single is anything to go by the Iron Maiden army have a lot to look forward to.

Not as immediate as, say, 'Run To The Hills', '2 Minutes . . .' still communicates all that soul-fire and back-street energy that makes Iron Maiden one of the greatest HM bands this country has ever produced. There's even better tracks on the new album, 'Power Slave' (from which this comes), but in the meantime this will do.

DIO:
'We Rock'
(Vertigo)

The first UK single release from Dio's excellent new album, 'The Last In Line' . . . and it's a gas. Dio deliver the goods with the minimum of fuss, displaying a breath-taking economy and a sparkling thrust from the clean and polished armoured guitars of Vivian Campbell. Ronnie James is in great voice (when *isn't* he?) and my old mate Jimmy Bain thunders away on the bass like a posse of deputies out for blood.

I just know these boys had almighty great grins on their faces when they were recording this track . . . and that makes me feel good.

BRONZ:
'Send Down An Angel'
(Bronze)

Re-mixed, US-fashion, but to my ears only slightly different from the original release of a few months back. Strong melody, note-perfect harmonies, the record still lacks secret ingredient X. And as every good schoolboy knows, it's that secret ingredient X that separates the hits from the bargain bins. Handcuffed by mediocrity, 'Send Down An Angel' is a gallant attempt on the part of the Bronz chaps that falls short, way too short of genuine inspiration.

BILLY SQUIER:
'Rock Me Tonite'
(Capitol)

I AM THE EXTERMINATOR!!! And I am here in your neighbourhood to tell you right now that Roland bloody Rat is about to become one ex-rodent. He is *finished* in this town. And he brought the death sentence down on his own ugly pointed head when he failed to recognise this single for the state-of-the-art masterpiece it unquestionably is when he 'reviewed' it last issue.

Produced by genuine blue-blood royalty (Jim Steinman), Billy Squier's new single has the indelible mark of HIT HIT HIT scarred down its spine. And why not? Indeed, 'Rock Me Tonite', with a little help from Lady Luck, could ascend the dizzy heights of the UK singles chart and turn this miserable Summer into something worth remembering.

I HAVE SPOKEN!

STEVE HACKETT:
'A Doll That's Made In Japan'
(Lamborghini Records)

OH YEAAHHHHH! Now . . . this . . . is groooooovvvyy! Steve Hackett glides on out to Tokyo City and comes back smelling of the love disease. Wonderful production, and an ethereal web-like melody that tickles the back of the eyes. Nice one, Stevie . . .

ALCATRAZZ:
'Island In The Sun'
(RCA)

Well, 'Krusher' likes it, and 'Krusher' is not one to be easily impressed, no sir. Me, I detect a promising band with above average talent. The record reflects this view succinctly and surely. 'Krusher' likes it, though . . .

WORLD RADIO
'Crown Of Thorns'
(IRS)

All Hell breaks loose during the introduction – why, they've got horns hogging the road and guitars mincing slow death through the mix and then . . . ha! ha! ha! . . . the song comes in and the singer starts singing and it's crap! Had me going there for a minute, though . . .

RENEGADE:
'(I Don't Need) The Fighting Men'
(Strayed Records)

Oh gawd! It's another one of those *serious* singles from one of those, you know, *well meaning* bands. Like, dull, dull, dull, daddy. A creepy ballad about a man doing what he's got to do and all that malarky. It's embarrassing . . .

THE MYSTERY GIRLS:
'Boogie Then Cry'
(A&M)

The Mystery Girls are no mystery to this boy. All very sprightly and edgy I'm sure, all perfectly charming indeed, but entirely drab and meaningless in its tedious execution. Definitely a bit of a bore.

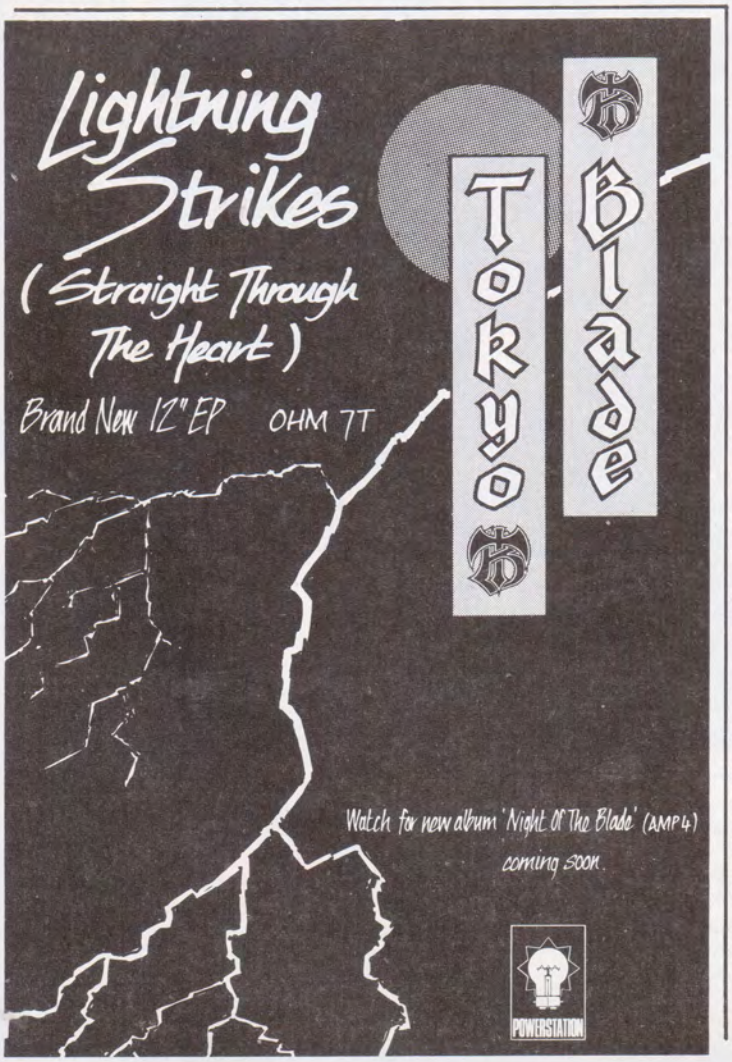
KEATS:
'Turn Your Heart Around'
(EMI)

A second-rate romp-along from Colin Blunstone and no less than three members of the Alan Parsons Project . . . and doesn't it just sound like it! Make mine a triple Mogadon, bartender, and hold the ice.

TOM VERLAINE:
'Five Miles Of You'
(Virgin Records)

Tom is one of those guitar-artists I've always been interested in. Remember Television? Course you do . . . well, Tom moved on to higher ground some time ago.

This single has a spidery vocal and a lead guitar streaked with silver. A little too off-key for the charts, but if the album is as righteous as the single then we're in for some heavy candy, kidz.



"OK, Rat, make my day . . ."

KROKUS
the Blitz
the Blitz
KROKUS
AN INCENDIARY NEW ALBUM & TAPE
ARISTA

BEST

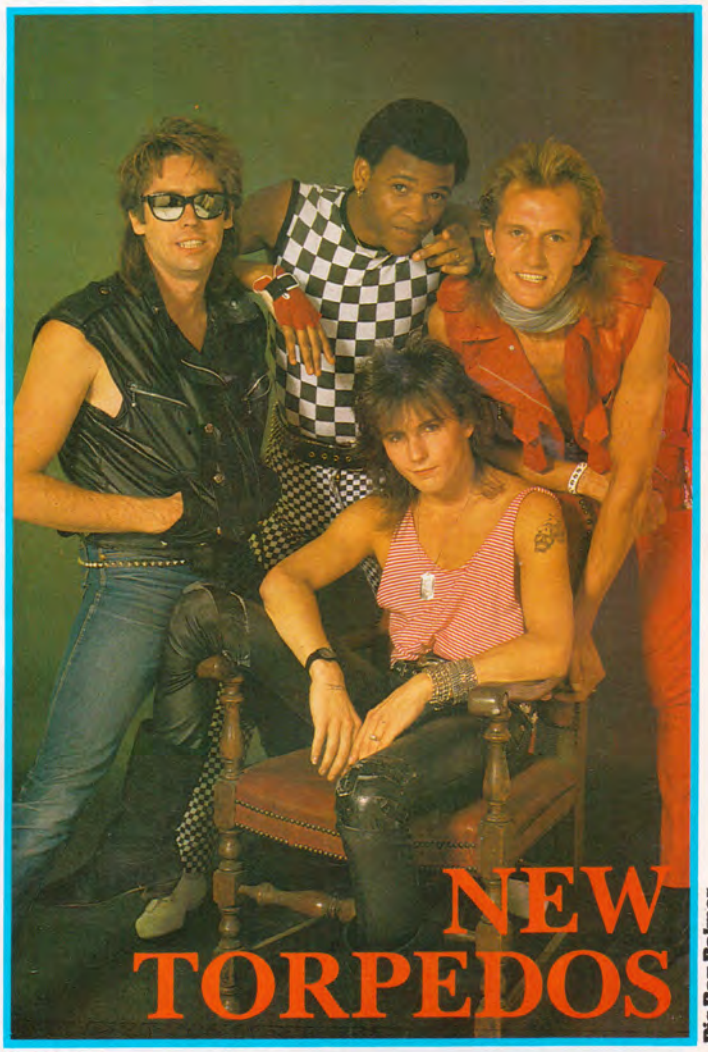
"WHAT'S HAPPENING here? For over 20 years Britain has consistently delivered the highest proportion of successful Heavy Metal acts anywhere – but now there's nothing."

Thus spake Def Leppard manager Peter Mensch in his nefarious, no-holds-barred *Komment* kolumn back in issue 73. And, boy, did those words ever set the proverbial cat amongst the pigeons! As well as provoking intense reader reaction (see *Kommunication*, page 40), that Mensch missive set us lot at *Kerrang!* pondering also. Had pertinent Peter hit the nail on the head? Is new HM life extinct in the UK? Or is it just lying dormant, soon to burst upon us NWOBHM-style once again?

We decided to set out and find the answers to those questions, and in the process maybe silence a few of the critics who accuse *Kerrang!* of a bias towards American bands. So, here it is – the first in a series of articles entitled 'The Best Of British'. This issue we feature the New Torpedos, Tokyo Blade, Emerson and Persian Risk; subsequent editions will contain similar across-the-board selections.

Perhaps I should stress that our choices for inclusion are quite arbitrary – and that we're omitting names like Baby Tuckoo and Twelfth Night from our round-up purely because they've enjoyed fairly extensive coverage in previous issues. But that doesn't mean we've closed our ears and won't recognise any late contenders. if you think *your* band has the talent and potential to succeed, then send fax, info 'n' demos to 'The Best Of British', *Kerrang!*, 40 Long Acre, London WC2. We'll read and listen, that's a promise.

GEOFF BARTON



NEW TORPEDOS

Pic Ray Palmer

EMERSON

Pic Ray Palmer

OF BRITISH

TOKYO BLADE

Pic Peter Cronin

PERSIAN RISK

Pic Ray Palmer

INTERVIEWS OVER PAGE

EMERSON

" . . . melodic hard rock with flab utterly banished and finesse playing a leading role . . ."

ONCE UPON a time there existed an 'art' form which those with a somewhat earthy viewpoint named 'Dinosaur Rock'. These 'DR' bands tended to take refuge in the world's largest stadia and hide their faces and personalities behind a baffling preponderance of musical technique and terminally boring 20 minute songs.

Kings of this rock 'n' roll flatulence were undoubtedly ELP (Emerson, Lake & Palmer), possibly the most horrendous entity ever to (dis)grace a stage. Their intense decadence linked with a preposterously pompous tone caused more sickness than the plague, and I for one don't sport the eternal black armband in memory of their demise!

And yet lumme sister, who could have believed that such an odious name as Emerson (let's just forget the Lake and Palmer, OK?) would re-surface in new form in this fair year of 1984 *anno domini* and prove to be the property of possibly Britain's finest young heavy rock band of the moment!

Emerson Mark 2 hardly have a history revolving around the mega-seaters and the white powder indulgences of their predecessors. Nah, humble North Eastern cloth cap ethics and a proliferance of working men's club gigs form the basic backdrop for this Newcastle five-piece with their happy 'n' classy brand of calibre rock 'n' roll. Emerson's *forté* is melodic hard rock with flab utterly banished and finesse playing a leading role.

Indeed, the strength of the band's last demo, a three-track masterpiece created under the production guidance of Roy Neave at Hull's Fairview Studios, ensured that ears were pricked in the *Kerrang!* office in no uncertain terms. The three songs in question, 'Maybe Someday', 'Killer On The Line' and 'Girl In My Dreams', really do hit home with pounding panache, variety and total validity.

'Maybe Someday' is an uptempo transatlantic rocker punctuated with typically poignant guitar breaks from Stu Emerson, while the atmospheric 'Killer On The Line' has vocalist Sam Blewitt riding gracefully over a haunting Dru Irving synth riff. Impressive, exciting fare, yet both are eclipsed at the final hurdle by 'Girl In My Dreams', an exquisite Journey-style ballard.

"YEAH, I think that our consistent songwriting strength could be something we have over other young bands," claims stixman Charlie McKenzie, yet not all critics hold Emerson in high esteem. Reviewing their debut, *Neat Records* released single in *Kerrang!*, the glasses and nose that masquerade as rock guru Jonathan King were swift to put the band down. 'Something Special' was the title, 'nothing special' quipped the King.

"That's only *his* opinion, though," says Sam. "And, anyway, he was more into making jokes, then constructive comments."

"It's been really good gig-wise in Newcastle and the dance floors always stay packed when the single's played. God, kids are even coming up and asking us to sign their jackets!"

Bassist Bri Emerson is a shocked man, obviously unaware of his namesake band's special talents. Certainly, Emerson's demo should convince any still sceptical.

"We're really trying to cover as much musical ground as possible so that the major labels get to see the scope and variety of the band. They must receive so many tapes that you have to do something really special to stand out!"

Bri is nothing if not shrewd, and indeed the quality of the tape has already produced results . . .

"Since we made the tape we've done a whole load of radio work in the North East and Scotland which has resulted in a lot of interest," claims Sam. "And at the moment we've got about half a dozen major labels interested with two of 'em in particular watching us closely. It's just a question of getting people to come up to a showcase gig."

Which isn't the easiest of tasks bearing in mind the utter lethargy of most A & R departments. Emerson certainly have class on their side, but their geographical location is against them.

"Yeah, the north of England and Scotland are the only places we've really managed to get to as yet, but that's got to change. If we're gonna get a real buzz happenin' then we've got to get some London dates together, and touring in general will help to strengthen the unity of the band."

HOWARD JOHNSON

NEW TORPEDOS

" . . . a rare combination of Van Halen, the Kinks (when they rock) and Aerosmith . . ."

IN THE basement of an ageing Victorian dwelling off the Portobello Road (the spiritual home of Hawkwind and Motörhead), sits a thoughtful young man. Looking enviously healthy, singer Phil Lewis is preparing to answer a question about his old band Girl, but is having difficulty.

Wanting desperately to express his thoughts without leaving room for ambiguity and without slighting a period of his life that he claims was particularly necessary, he opts for the following explanation . . .

"Basically, we were just a bunch of mega-posers signed to a label (*Jet*) that didn't know where to start. My arm was twisted behind my back the whole time. It was a nightmare."

It's clear, even after being with him for just a few minutes, that Lewis' infamous arrogance is little more than a distant glow from the past. Phil Lewis has grown up and is at last channelling his overt sense of self-confidence into a new band – the New Torpedos – who could well bring him the recognition he so obviously craves. But the Girl saga was a particularly bitter pill to swallow . . .

"I'm really sorry for Girl fans and some were incredibly dedicated, because realistically I don't think we should have had a deal. We were totally pampered and, to be quite honest. I loved every minute of it!"

I'D BE the last person to bleat self-righteously about the decline of Girl, but the facts are hard to ignore. Dished out (lavishly) to an ill-informed public who were only just beginning to accept the lipstick slapstick of arch-glamsters Kiss, Girl, on reflection, hardly stood a chance.

Increasingly alienated and venomously despised, they eventually collapsed in a ragged heap, financially embarrassed and artistically discredited. The final whimper was a largely unsuccessful tour of Japan featuring just three original members, that's Phil and the Laffy brothers (Phil Collen had already jumped ship for the safer clutches of Leppard), alongside a couple of friends from a band called Zen Attack. It was a depressing ending.

"I know I shouldn't keep bitchin' about it," says Phil, "but it was *Jet* that finished us. There were times when we were sitting in the studio and they'd phone through and tell the owners to stop the sessions because what they saw as their investment was gradually slipping deeper into debt. That's why the second album ('Wasted Youth') was so bad, they wouldn't let us finish it!

"After that album, they effectively blanked us. But we still had plans and actually recorded four songs for an EP with producer Nick Tauber. We did a Russ Ballard number, 'Juliet', a cover of 'Nut Bush City Limits' and a couple of originals, but *Jet* didn't want to know. They let us die."

Arriving back home from Japan, Lewis faced reality, finally admitting to himself that it was over.

"It was like a trauma. When you've been in a band that long and been treated like stars, failure isn't easy to accept. I was also f**ked off with the whole business side of things and found myself still under contract with *Jet* so I had to keep a low profile for a while."

LEWIS, ALMOST broken, a damn sight poorer and ego severely flattened, took stock and finally began to involve himself with music again.

First he formed an embryonic version of Airrace with guitarist Laurie Mansworth who had left More under a welter of suspicion, but the teaming never gelled and a sole Marquee gig was as far as things got.

Next stop was as second guitarist with the London Cowboys, a kind of weird (Al Yankovic?) acoustic guitar-based ensemble similar in some respects to the Alarm. It was here that Lewis developed and extended his writing technique, and began courting the idea of putting his own band together – the New Torpedos . . .

"I was going down the Funny Farm (a notorious ligging parlour) a lot and I met up with Dave Birch who was the bass player in 720. We talked about putting a band together and found that our ideas for writing commercial modern rock 'n' roll songs were similar.

"Dave roped in drummer Paul Edwards who he knew from 720 and we started rehearsing. Finding a guitar player wasn't so easy, but I remembered being knocked out by a black guy who used to be in Sapphire – Rudi Riviere. I kept ringing him up and eventually he gave in."

THE AIM of the New Torpedos, according to Lewis, is to create a vividly imaginative (but no make-up) brand of rock 'n' roll, heavy on commerciality yet retaining a fair dosage of true-grit sleaze. With a list of influences that stretches from Prince to the Doors, from Waysted to the Cramps, their sound is hard to pin down. But imagine a rare combination of Van Halen, the Kinks (when they *rock*) and Aerosmith, and you'll be on the right lines.

"At the moment we're looking for a deal. Quite a few of the majors are interested so I think it's going to be a question of who shows the most commitment rather than who's offering the most cash."

DEREK OLIVER

TOKYO BLADE

" . . . the band have indeed stepped up their songwriting abilities by a considerable degree, opting for a more commercial angle . . ."

PIP . . . PIP . . . PIP . . . PIP . . . "Er, hello, is that Howard Johnson? It is? OK, this is . . . er . . . Andy Boulton from Tokyo Blade. Can you sort of ring me back please, cos I'm . . . er . . . in a phone box!"

Laugh, I nearly joined the Xavier Russell squash racket rock 'n' roller coven! But perhaps from such little pip squeaks are the big heavy rock apples born, though conducting phone interviews from a phone *box*, well, it's novel if nothing else!

Good job I decided to bell the Blade runner back, though, cos it sure has been a long time comin', this here TB opus. Sure, the band have had the odd live review, in the mag, the occasional namecheck, the *Armed & Ready* mention, the whisper that things were afoot down in deepest Wiltshire, but never had *Kerrang!* slipped its slinky smooth staff into gear and like, y'know, really got it together!

Perhaps it had something to do with the Tokyo Blade album which was so uninspiringly competent that my ears kinda sussed the scam and waxed over it to avoid undue aural aggravation! '*Metal Farces*' seemed to like it, though, and even proclaimed that Tokyo Blade might one day '*get a colour feature in that so-called Metal magazine*!' As you know, their wish is our command, but astoundingly guitarist Andy seems to be indulging in a bit of '*Solidarnosc*' sympathising with *Kerrang!*

"Our material is improving at a rapid rate; when you listen to our earlier stuff, it's crap. We *know* it's crap, so what other people will make of it I just don't know! Even the first album is nowhere near as good as it should be. We recorded it in four days and know better than anyone that it's a bit of a joke, but it did serve a very valuable purpose in that it made a lot of people aware of us and gave us something of a following."

At least in Europe, where Tokyo Blade have come to be hailed as leaders of UK Rock, pulling large audiences and enjoying considerable album sales.

"We were very surprised at our level of popularity in Europe," states Andy, "it was quite incredible! When we played the *Aardschok* Festival in Holland the whole audience was singing along to 'If Heaven Is Hell', it was an amazing thrill."

BUT ENOUGH of this piffly banter, time waits for no man and marcheth on inexorably. Right up to the present, in fact, where we stumble blindly upon a new, revitalised Tokyo Blade, a band that is (gulp) genuinely interesting. First indications of the revival afoot came in the form of a piece of black plastic with a smashing little hole in the middle which meant that it could also be played as a record – the white label of the new TB rock injection.

'Lightning Strikes' proves that the band have indeed stepped up their songwriting abilities by a considerable degree, opting for a more commercial ("I wouldn't say commercial, *tuneful* rather") angle and roaring home with a raucously refined single. *Kerrang!* has been won over, but what position does this leave the boys in? On the one hand, their commercial leanings are leading them towards more fertile musical pastures, but on the other, they must be jeopardising their status with the stud-infested clog hoppers in Holland, indeed with most of Europe's hard core Metallers . . .

"It's something that we *have* thought about, but then we've always stuck to our guns and performed the music that *we* want to. In the past, people often accused us of being nothing more than Iron Maiden clones, but we never changed simply because of others. The area that we're moving into now is more tuneful but still heavy, kinda like Kiss.

"The main point is that we want to keep the power and the energy, especially in the live environment. People want to see a show, not a bunch of sanitised pretty boys! It's on stage that we've really won our European audience and even our poppier material is accepted without problem!"

It's this kinda impact that has kept the band's indie label, *Powerstation*, more than happy with their progress, though the gushing affection isn't exactly mutual.

"To be perfectly frank," says Andy, "we are very disappointed with the company. They're vastly understaffed and when things get really heavy they seem to lose their nerve. The funny thing is, it's not a money problem as you might expect. They've got loads of it! They actually wanted to spend £20,000 on a video for us!

"*MTV* phoned *Powerstation* and said that they wanted to run a video, so the label booked us into Shepperton Studios with director Russell Mulcay, who's worked with Elton John and Def Leppard. The only reason we didn't do it was because around that time Alan (Marsh, vocalist) split with the band, so that really stumped us!"

Ah, Alan Marsh, the man up front flashing the Blade until a few months back. Why did he call it a day?

"What it really boiled down to was that Alan had an amazing lack of self-confidence. It's a shame, because he's a really nice guy, but he's had offers from other bands, TNT in particular, and there's talk of him doing a solo album. We're much happier with Vic (Wright, a 19-year-old); he's more in line with what we want to do and he performs excellently on the new album."

The 'new album' in question is the second from the quintet, tackily titled 'Night Of The Blade' and due for release in September.

"We did it at Fairview Studios in Hull, with Roy Neave producing. We were very happy with the way things went, though we'd like to have had the guitars punching through just that little bit more. Both John (Wiggins) and myself tend to be going through too many pedals to get close to the sound we want. I think we need to get our amps doctored!"

Note doctored, not neutered, you herbert headbangers out there. I for one would certainly say that the arrival of Wright and (relatively) new bassist Andy Wrighton has strengthened TB considerably.

HOWARD JOHNSON

PERSIAN RISK

". . . the project has a slick commercial edge that made me ashamed to admit that I'd expected just another cantankerous muddy-boots stomp through pub HM swamps . . ."

IT MAY seem unfair, but in rock circles being good isn't enough. One has to be different, standing out from the snarling pack for the right reasons – flair, confidence and individuality in both music and perception.

The trouble is that picking out the seedlings which will grow with careful nurturing from those destined to wither is only easy in retrospect. When you're dealing with a formative situation such as the burgeoning movement in the UK towards classy yet rootsy heavy rock, the task is impossible. To be frank, there's precious little to choose between the bands featured in this issue and a healthy armada of other hopefuls.

It's for this reason (certain in the knowledge that only a fragment of a seemingly vast edifice will prosper) and to avoid being badly burnt through making rash predictions, that I must qualify my positive feelings for Persian Risk with the term 'if' rather than 'when'.

But first a brief history. Hailing originally from South Wales, the band were formed about four years ago, going through numerous line-up shifts (Tygers Of Pan Tang vocalist Jon Deverill and Motörhead guitarist Phil Campbell both came from the Persian ranks) and an '83 single release on *Neat Records* ('Ridin' High') before arriving at the present personnel of vocalist Carl Sentance, bassist Nick Hughes (the only founder member left), guitarist Graham Bath and drummer Steve Hopgood (previously with Chinatown).

Thus equipped, the foursome wasted no time in securing a three year recording deal with *Zebra* (also responsible for Tormé), signing a similar contract with the label's publishing arm *Bayswater* (who also number Savage amongst their clientele).

RISK'S FIRST release under the *Zebra* umbrella clearly displays their vaulting ambition. A three-track 12" single titled 'Too Different, Two People', it features 'Too Different'/'Sky's Falling Down'/'Dark Tower'.

I'll admit to having been taken completely by surprise as mainline melodies pirouetted around articulate arrangements. The project has a slick commercial edge that made me ashamed to admit that I'd expected just another cantankerous muddy-boots stomp through pub HM swamps.

"We wanted to produce something that would appeal to all sorts of people," explained Hopgood during a brief telephone encounter. "We spent a lot of time and money getting the right type of clean sound. The single proves we've got something to offer."

What happens next for the boys depends largely on how successful 'Too Different . . .' proves to be. If all goes well, then Risk will begin work on an album very soon. It's likely that, as on the single, they'll handle the production duties themselves with engineer Guy Bidmead lending an ear or two at the mixing stage.

In the meantime, as the foursome await vinyl developments, they plan to play as many gigs as possible.

"We'd love to work every day, but lack of money and venues means we'll probably be restricted to a couple of dates each week. Naturally, it would be great for us to get the support slot on a major tour but that's very hard to secure; the competition is so intense. Still, we can't complain, everything is coming together very well, all we need now is a big push!"

MALCOLM DOME

RAZOR KINGS

PAUL SUTER survives a night in the Rock City (Detroit) with vocalist BRIAN VOLLMER (right, main pic) from Canadian rising stars HELIX.

"...AND THEN you're flying to Detroit to see Helix," I was told. Gulp. Everyone knows what an horrendous city Detroit is, all ugliness and brutality and not at all the place for a young innocent such as myself to end up in. It would be great to see Helix again, of course, but could I survive intact? Heeelp!

Fact is, though, that I had a marvellous time, no bother at all, finding Detroit a whole lot more pleasant than its reputation. The sun was shining and nothing looked either out of place or threatening as I surveyed the city scene from the windows of the Helix tour bus (complete with 'Rock You' plates!) in which the band's ever-affable manager Bill Seip had collected me from the airport to take me direct to the venue, a place called *Harpo's*, where I was to see the group play. The place had much of the feel of the old *Music Machine* about it, with the addition of three giant video screens on which *MTV* clips were aired all night instead of the more traditional HM disco. The venue has a certain reputation – indeed, one of Dio's crew had been sporting a *Harpo's* T-shirt in Seattle the night before! – and Helix were the guests of honour for a live broadcast by radio station *WLLX*, who are determined to re-establish Detroit as Metal City USA.

The audience flooded in, and by showtime over 1200 Metal fans were ready to welcome Helix. Their new album, 'Walkin' The Razor's Edge', is making good headway in the States, rapidly climbing the airplay charts after only two weeks on release when I caught up with them, and the welcome that greeted the band was a full-blooded one. They proceeded to lay waste to the venue for a full 90 minutes with their characteristic brand of exuberant HM, showcasing many of the new LP's excellent numbers, with 'Rock You' and 'Young And Wreckless', in particular, standing out as real killers on stage.

Reaping the benefits of much more stage-room than I've seen at their disposal before, they threw in some ludicrously wonderful tongue-in-cheek choreography; with their stylish new stage gear they look the part to perfection, but they're not the sort of band who play out the role completely by acting aloof – they're a fun outfit with an almost impish enthusiasm for going out on stage to make lots of noise and getting paid for having a good time.

IT'S VOCALIST Brian Vollmer who handles the interviews now – last time I'd sat at one end of a huge table facing the entire band and management at the other. This time, however, it was a shade more informal; me and Brian in the back of their bus!

After their transformation last year from a successful Canadian bar band to an international prospect, Helix had been forced to face new and unexpected pressures; suddenly, deadlines were being forced upon them by their new-found obligations and new methods of working. Things hadn't been easy . . .

"There was a lot of pressure involved getting the album ready, because we had an American tour last year and after that we toured through Europe with Kiss, and we did both tours out of vans. We were so cramped and uncomfortable that we didn't have the opportunity to write, and even when we got to the gigs there was no time to get together as a band like we usually do and put songs together.

"Basically, we went through a whole year without writing anything, and writing is rather like a muscle – you have to exercise it every day to keep it in shape. So when we came off the road in January we turned out about 40 songs that were . . . *crap!* It's the only way to say it, they were crap!

"You start having dreams about suicide; you wake up in a sweat after only two hours sleep, and I was giving my old lady a real hard time. Paul (Hackman, guitar/vocals) and I had such trouble sleeping, **Brent (Doerner**, guitar/vocals, pictured right) too, and I don't think anyone can really relate to the pressure we were under unless they've been there too.

"It was very hard to cope with – we'd been doing it for so long, but in the past there was always tomorrow. When you're signed to a label you know that you've got to come up with the material or you're going to lose your deal, and when you've lost that deal it's so hard to come up with another one. Ten years of your life all depends on the next six months and you've *got to* deliver. There's a finality there that was never there before, and that's where all the pressure comes from."

Helix are in the slightly unusual position of being a band with a lengthy ten-year history faced with an upheaval in both lifestyle and obligations, trying to adjust from that day-to-day existence to a series of deadlines that they have to meet. Mercifully, they have mastered the transition and 'Walkin' The Razor's Edge' is ample evidence that they're now heading onward and upward.

"We've got the basis of an identity now; we've got to nurture it and make it grow, and the way to do that is to try to write better material all the time. Personally, I want to write better lyrics; I mean, you can only pound out so many songs about rock 'n' roll and screwing before it becomes tiresome. We tended to dwell on rock 'n' roll a little on this album but it's only our second one so I don't think it will hurt us, but if the third, fourth and fifth are the same it *is* going to get tiresome. I want to get into different things, actually try and say something. I've got a song I'm working on for the next album called 'Stop It Or You'll Go Blind', which is about censorship."

Amidst all the other pressures, the band also found themselves changing bassists (almost a Helix tradition by now!), and in view of the tightness of their schedule opted to bring in a sessioneer for the album, a name well-known to Canadophiles.

"We used Spider Sinnaeve from Streetheart. Daryl (Gray) had just joined; we needed a really tight rhythm section and you're not going to get two people instantly tight like that unless you can get hold of someone truly exceptional, and Spider *is*. He's incredible, one of the best bass players to come out of Canada. He actually put a lot more into the basic riffs. There's a lot of neat, really catchy, bass lines hidden in there – at the end of 'Animal House', the beginning of 'Gimme Gimme Good Lovin'', and at the end of '(Make Me Do) Anything You Want', there's some really tasty licks."

FOR A band with a ten-year history, Helix are an incredibly self-effacing lot. They seem to have had no difficulty in coming to terms with their transition from elder statesmen of the Canadian club circuit to young upstarts in the international Metal market. They still get excited, and breathlessly tell the story of the show supporting Heart where they were playing away when they noticed some apparent loony leaping about at the back of the stage thrashing the living daylights out of one of Nancy Wilson's priceless acoustics. It was Eddie Van Halen, who subsequently spent most of Heart's show in the Helix dressing room before sloping off to catch a couple of numbers by the band who had invited him there in the first place. They get similarly excited about the time Dave Lee Roth pulled up next to their van at the traffic lights in LA . . . hey guys, you're supposed to be cool and *blasé* about things like this now!

It's this refreshing lack of pretence that's allowed them to maintain an unusual humility that has stood them in good stead over the last year. After a decade of being 'someone' in Canada they're now yet another 'who?' to most of the world, and I can think of a fair few heads that couldn't handle that. They've actually got to start proving themselves all over again, and that can't be easy.

"We don't dwell on the early years because, when it comes right down to it, they're irrelevant to the people you're performing for, the people you're trying to impress. We just go out there and try to do the best we can, look hard at ourselves and try to constantly improve the act. We look at the bands that are happening around us, and try to learn from them.

"We really do feel like a new band now. The early years were all spent in Canada and now we're in the US and Europe, hitting new markets every day. When you go back to Canada you play in places you've seen so many times before, and *then* you feel the age of the band, but elsewhere we really do feel like a new band."

Canada's still home of course, and although Helix are now concentrating their efforts on expanding outwards from their homeland, Brian has nothing but gratitude and respect for the scene in which the band has its roots. As I've remarked myself time after time, the Canadian domestic scene has an incredibly high level of talent, yet is sorely lacking (albeit not as much as three years ago) in the self-belief necessary for international aggression.

"People look at us differently now in Canada – I guess it's a boost to the ego, a little triumph,

CONTINUES PAGE 38

Pix Ross Halfin

Pic Ross Halfin

RUDY SARZO: "Kevin DuBrow has been totally misunderstood"

CRITICAL FITNESS

MARK PUTTERFORD gets into Condition with Quiet Riot's RUDY SARZO (left).

I FEEL sorry for Quiet Riot. Their first worldwide album, 'Metal Health', takes Reagansville by storm, proving more successful than a West Indies' cricket tour of England and giving their bank manager that 'Michael Jackson feeling'. But no sooner have they climbed the rostrum, than people try to knock them down with vicious rumours and nasty insults born mostly out of petty jealousies, it seems.

There's been enough crap written and said about Quiet Riot to block a London sewer. OK, so vocalist Kevin DuBrow's mouth, which makes the Blackwall Tunnel look like a pin-prick on a hippo's ass, hasn't exactly helped them score in the inter-band popularity poll. But surely there must be something more to QR than some geezer's cake 'ole and the odd Slade rip-off.

In search of the truth for a change, Putterford collars the very amiable chap who twangs four strings for the band, Rudy Sarzo, and clocks his thoughts on some of the major issues surrounding the Riot crew.

Firstly, I wonder how Rudy feels the band's new album, 'Condition Critical', compares with 'Metal Health'.

"Oh, I think it compares very well," he replies, not surprisingly. "It's been a year and a half since we did the first album and I think the new one is a year and a half better.

"I was so very surprised when the first album was successful, and I'd be just as surprised if this one does as well. But all you can do is give it your best shot and that's exactly what we did. It's up to the fans to decide if it's as good as the first one, but we're very pleased with it."

WHAT KIND of pressure did you feel whilst working on 'Condition Critical', considering the huge triumph of your previous effort?

"We didn't feel much pressure," Rudy counters. "We alleviated any pressure there might have been by doing 'Mama Weer All Crazee Now'. The only pressure we had was to come up with a hit single, so we purposely did 'Mama . . .' to take that worry off ourselves from the start.

"By doing 'Mama . . .', we kept the record company happy, the radio stations happy and everyone else happy. With that outta the way, we were able to concentrate on our own material under no pressure whatsoever."

Was the record company keen for you to do another Slade song?

"No. As a matter of fact, our producer (Spencer Proffer) from *Pasha Records* felt that our own material was strong enough without doing 'Mama . . .', but we really wanted to do it – we really did," laughs Rudy.

"Listen, we're not worrying about what people might think. It doesn't matter if we get criticised because we've been criticised before. As long as we feel we've done a good version of the song, then that's all we care about."

But even so, the inclusion of 'Mama Weer All Crazee Now' smacks heavily of playing it safe.

"Well, we *were* playing it safe as far as America goes, but you have to play it a little safe on your second album because bands usually take a big dive with their second LP.

"Us playing it safe went as far as doing 'Mama . . .'. The other nine tracks are our own and there's nothing safe about them. So you could say that we played it 10 per cent safe on this album."

That's fair enough, but unfortunately people still compare you to Slade. Does that annoy you?

"Not really, because it only happens when we go to England. People love to try and connect us with Slade over there, but it doesn't matter to us because we know who we are and what we are.

"If you're always thinking of what people might say, you never get anywhere. The people who think we're Slade soundalikes already think like that and we don't worry about them."

RUDY'S ATTITUDE is right, of course. But it must get tiresome constantly hearing bitchings from other bands who feel obliged to have a dig at them. Most recently, Mötley Crüe in *Kerrang!* (issue 73) added their tuppenny's worth, and in true s**t-stirring tradition I bring this to Rudy's attention.

"I've read a lot of statements by bands who say we did it wrong," he sighs, "but just about every band in the world has tried to have a hit single with somebody else's material, from the Rolling Stones to the Who – even the Beatles . . .

"Mötley Crüe did 'Helter Skelter', right? The only difference between us and them is that we had a hit with somebody else's song and they didn't."

'Nuff said.

One of the many rumours to pierce the wax of the *Kerrang!* ear recently would seem to indicate that QR are currently suffering from a fierce backlash in the States after such a good '83. Rudy politely asks what a backlash is and, whilst stumbling through an explanation, I mention Peter Mensch's view (*Komment*, issue 73) that Quiet Riot *'have peaked and are in trouble'*.

"Who said that?" Rudy sounds exasperated. "Def Leppard's manager? He never bought the album, it was probably given to him! A statement like that from someone who is not a consumer, like the kids who buy the record, is misleading."

Rudy pauses, then proclaims with a loud chuckle, "No, it's not true at all – we're doing fantastic! As a matter of fact, we've shipped gold right off the top of the box, so that's how heavy the orders were!

"But it's a little early to be talking business, the new record's only been out a few weeks. If you wanna know the exact state of the band, you'll have to ask the kids. They are our fans, they buy the records and they are the ones we care about. Nobody else."

BY NOW, I'm very impressed with Rudy's rationality. After all, getting stick from other musicians, managers or anyone else for that matter, shouldn't worry you if the tills keep ringing.

And his view of the press is equally correct. He maintains that Quiet Riot aren't a reviewers' band and stresses time and again that their motivation comes safely *from* the fans and that their sole dedication is *to* the fans.

"When a kid comes up to me in the street and says, 'I lo-ove your record!', that's what really matters, not what the reviewer thinks," he says sincerely.

You don't seem to like the press.

"Oh, I love the press," Rudy laughs, "some of my best friends are in the press. But bad press is not something to get pissed off about.

"If there was no press, we'd just get up onstage and play for the kids. They wouldn't be reading about us or seeing pictures of us, but they *would* be there.

"Our greatest strength is playing live and I make no big claims in the press."

Sarzo's amiable, pleasant character seems to contrast sharply with that of singer Kevin DuBrow, who makes Brian Clough seem like a Trappist monk with lock-jaw.

"Kevin has been totally misunderstood," Rudy defends, "because all the guy is – as we all are – is a big rock'n'roll fan. But when we speak, people don't see us as kids standing out in the rain buying tickets, they see us as the guys in Quiet Riot shouting their mouths off.

"If the kid in the street dislikes a show, his views aren't published so people don't take any notice of him. But if *we* say we don't like a show, then we're total assholes because of who we are. We have the right to say what we think like everyone else, but we don't like or dislike people because of who we are and we don't like or dislike people because of who or what they are."

Nevertheless, the Quiet ones don't seem to be the most popular band at the moment . . .

"Well, I have a lot of great friends in other bands and, mostly, I get along with people. If Kevin says something about somebody, that's *his* opinion and not what the band thinks. I mean, there's three other guys to consider here, y'know."

APART FROM attracting bad publicity to the band, DuBrow's verbal mischief has also caused Rudy to fall out with his former employer, Ozzy Osbourne. Apparently, the idiotic Double O attacked Rudy for things DuBrow had said!

"That was a sad occasion," recalls Rudy dolefully, "because I'd always had hopes of sitting down at a table and having a drink with him like two human beings."

But in spite of the aggro DuBrow's kisser has brought, Rudy believes that jealousy is the real reason for the band's unpopularity in the business.

"Even if Kevin hadn't been so controversial last year, we still wouldn't be liked as a group because people are jealous of the magnitude of our success.

"Obviously, there's gonna be resentment from other bands and they're gonna say nasty things. You won't believe what you're gonna hear! But all you can do is listen to the album and if deep down you don't like it, then that's great. But lemme tell you something, I think the kids are gonna like it."

Conan the Destroyer

WAAARRRGGHHHH!!! Conan is back! Released on October 19, 'Conan The Destroyer' – the lavishly produced mega-death sequel to 1982's 'Conan The Barbarian' epic – features twice as many rare physical specimens, the veritable cream of the universe, as its predecessor.

Played once again by Arnold Schwarzenegger (five times crowned Mr. Universe, seven times Mr. Olympia), Conan is pictured above about to commence battle with the quintessentially evil Queen Taramis' black forces.

Grace Jones (pictured here) as the amazing Amazonian she-warrior Zula, effects entry *via* a magic and deadly waterfall to the castle of gnarled old wizard, Akiro. For a full nerve-tingling review of this titanic mega-Metal drama check *Kerrang!* closer to the date of general release . . .

MICK 'muscles' WALL

Kultura

Edited by MALCOLM DOME

NEWS

'THIS IS SPÏNAL TAP' (see *Kulture*, issue 64 for full details) is to open in the UK on September 7, the same day as the soundtrack is released through *Polydor*.

FORMER **NICE** guitarist **Davey O'List** has just finished writing the script for a new film called **'Animal Rites'**. He will also star in the movie (alongside **Spike Milligan**) as well as playing/composing the music.

GUILD HOME VIDEO have just issued **'Cujo'**. See review, issue 57.

OMNIBUS PUBLISH the **'Iron Maiden HM Photo Book'** at the end of September. It's priced at £5.95 and has an introduction written by our very own **Chris Welch.**

RADIO ONE is to launch a weekly AOR programme on Thursday nights between 10.00pm and midnight. Hosted by **Tommy Vance** and produced by **Tony Wilson** (the team responsible for the *'Friday Rock Show'*) broadcasting begins on October 4.

LORIMAR FILMS issue **'Best's Revenge'** in the UK during October. It stars **Band** drummer **Levon Helm,** was directed by **John Trent** and has a soundtrack provided by **Keith Emerson.** It's expected that the keyboard wizard's musical score will be put out on a major label to coincide with the movie's release.

VIDEOS

'TWISTED SISTER – STAY HUNGRY' *(Virgin)*
WITH AS much subtlety as Godzilla, Dee Snider takes on the 'sickies' of California in a verbal bout that threatens to eclipse the filmed gig for 'gross indecency'. For 'gross' is the only word to describe Sister's cacophonous bombardment of the senses. 'Anthemic power rock' is an understatement!

When not goading the assembled masses, the gaudy Dee & co grind out such familiar OTT items as 'Nature Of The Beast', 'Under The Blade' and 'Burn In Hell' with more commitment than on the vinyl versions. Only the inclusion of the uninspiring promo videos for 'We're Not Gonna Take It' and 'You Can't Stop Rock And Roll' intrude on the pagan power of their performance.

Dee may look like a burnt out old boiler, but as a frontman he's a video director's dream. Gross and disgusting – I loved every minute.
PAUL ROLAND

'AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT' *(RCA/Columbia)*
THIS WAS the first feature film released by the Monty Python team. Easily overshadowed by its successors ('The Life Of Brian', 'The Meaning Of Life' etc) 'And Now . . . (Put out in '71) is still an enjoyable romp through the comic routines which characterised the first two classic *BBC TV* series.

'The Upper Class Twit Of The Year', 'Hell's Grannies', the 'Lumberjack' routine . . . they're all included, interspersed with the pop-art surrealism of Terry Gilliam's cartoon animation.

The Pythons, though, regarded this as something of a flop; a cheap budget film to cash in on their small-screen success. All the same, it made me laugh a lot then *and* now.

Much of it looks very dated, but rent it out and enjoy an evening of nostalgic comedy. MICK WALL

'THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW' *(CBS/FOX)*
TAKE A story that's based on a cross-section of plots from Thirties/Forties *RKO* horror movies, spice it up with some strong mainstream rock numbers and serve the concoction with a flavouring of high-camp yet respectful parody and you've got . . . 'The Rocky Horror Picture Show'.

Undoubtedly one of the most successful rock musicals ever conceived, 'TRHPS' positively radiates spirit and atmosphere. Tim Curry is enthusiastically decadent as Dr. Frank N. Furter, *'a sweet transvestite from Transexual, Transylvania'*; Richard O'Brien (the mastermind behind the whole project) plays the roguish butler Riff Raff with a neat line in surly freakiness; Charles Gray and Meat Loaf make the most of cameo roles.

If you've not seen 'The Rocky Horror Picture Show' before, then there's no excuse for missing out now and if you have, catch it for a second/third/fourth etc time.
MALCOLM DOME

BOOKS

'THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ROCK' by Jeremy Pascall *(Hamlyn)*
REVISED AND UPDATED, Pascall's potted history of rock contains some pointed snipes at *Kerrang!* faves, but makes enjoyable reading nevertheless.

Being an ex-*NME* hack from the Sixties, Pascall reviews that era through multi-tinted specs and then carries his personal preferences and bias through subsequent chapters. Now this may be generally tolerable, but blaming Led Zeppelin for corrupting the 'true spirit of rock and roll' is totally unjustified and when he ignores Black Sabbath, Deep Purple, AC/DC *et al* it becomes a matter for the Trade Descriptions Act!

But if you can forgive this horrendous, not to mention intentional, dismissal of HM you'll find the book a very good read.
PAUL ROLAND

'GUINNESS BOOK OF HITS OF THE 60s'/'GUINNESS HITS CHALLENGE' by Paul Gambaccini, Tim Rice, Jo Rice and Mike Read *(Guinness Books)*
I'VE NEVER been much of a fan of these Guinness Book one-offs. They're never specialist enough and the compilation teams of 'experts' are just famous names stuck on the cover to sell the product.

The first book on the list here, '. . .Hits Of The 60s', is apparently the personal choice of the authors, and suffers accordingly. Tim Rice, for instance, lists 'The Young Ones' by Cliff and the Shads as one of his all-time top ten records, and, of course, Gambaccini lists 'Hey Jude', 'Penny Lane' etc. And, nope, there's not a smell of Metal anywhere in the book.

The '. . .Hits Challenge' is like a book of crossword puzzles with all the clues based on the middle-of-the-road pop knowledge of our 'esteemed' panel of 'experts' once again. Frankly, my dear, it's Yawn City . . . even the pix are either old or obvious promo fodder. MICK WALL

FILMS

'CHILDREN OF THE CORN' *(18)*
IN THE Stephen King book of short stories, 'Night Shift', the episode titled 'Children Of The Corn' stands out.

But, as with his best novels (eg 'Salem's Lot' or 'The Shining'), the film never lives up to the original written version.

Directed capably and little else by Fritz Kiersch, the so-called suspense never lifts its seat off the ground, thanks chiefly to the whole plot being ceremoniously blown in the opening sequences, when we see all the over-18-year-old members of a small mid-western US community being poisoned by Old Testament crazy weenies.

The climax is over-silly and unless you're likely to suffer nightmares from watching endless colour close-ups of the Jolly Green Giant, it's a cinch you'll leave the cinema yawning and scratching, wondering what all the fuss was about in the first place.

More Disney than anything else, 'COTC' is a disappointing hack job designed to pull in all the gullible punters. MICK WALL

'FIRE AND ICE' *(PG)*
CARTOONS usually don't work as full length feature films; 'Fire and Ice' is no exception. Iron Maiden fans might enjoy the 'Eddie' style characterisations and gratuitous hacking and slashing (the axe work was superb), but to me even the sight of a Suterian approved nubile woman struttin' her stuff just looked damn silly.

William Kraft's Wagnerian-influenced score helps the film along, but surely the job should have gone to Molly Hatchet, after all artist Frank Frazetta (who along with one Ralph Bakshi was responsible for this production) did the doodling on the covers of the first three Hatchet albums!

Overall, I found this cartoon just a wee bit repetitive, and many nights of continual Olympics viewing finally took its toll – I nodded off into a deep sleep!
XAVIER RUSSELL

'THE LAST BATTLE' *(15)*
THIS FRENCH film is set in some unspecified time when civilisation has been destroyed. The lone hero, played by Pierre Jolivet, battles against the environment and a vicious human enemy as he seeks some form of salvation. Being French his specific goals are a good meal and a good woman.

Although the absence of dialogue and the unrelenting gloom of the setting places considerable demands on the audience, 'The Last Battle' is intriguing, gripping the imagination with a succession of sequences loaded with mystery and surprise. The strangely clad survivors, looking like refugees from a three day Heavy Metal festival, clank about in the desert or the ruins, festooned with pots, swords, knives, armour and any other useful artefact they manage to salvage.

There are shades of 'Blade Runner' about the climax but the ending is most unsatisfactory and something of a cop out, as if director Luc Besson and his team were exhausted by the effort of sustaining the mood, without ever having a clear goal in sight.

Film buffs, however, will delight in the subtleties of the soundtrack and the black/white visual delights.
CHRIS WELCH

'PURPLE RAIN' *(15)*
IN WHICH the leather-bound heavy funk star Prince and his leading lady, the rather dim-witted Apollonia Kotero, prove that true love need never get in the way of a violently sado-masochistic relationship. Minutes after Apollonia gives Prince the guitar of his dreams (an unlikely looking white number with a ludicrously phallic horn round the top cutaway), she announces that she is thinking of joining a band led by Prince's arch-rival Morris Day. The gallant lad conveys his displeasure by brutally clubbing her to the ground with the back of his fist.

While the storyline of 'Purple Rain' is unmitigated drivel the music is brilliant and ultimately makes the film worth seeing. Some of the musical set pieces are breathtaking, and Prince has carved himself a unique kingdom in the twilight zone where ultra-funk touches the heavy rock borderlands. DAVID SINCLAIR

'FIRE AND ICE': 'the axe work was superb'

KLASSIFIEDS

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ROCK U.S.A.

MALCOLM DOME REPORTING

Pic Chris Walter

EAST COAST quartet **Madam X** (above, vocalist **Bret Kaiser**, bassist **Chris 'Godzilla' Goliber**, drummer **Roxy Petrucci** and lead guitarist **Maxine Petrucci**) have just completed work on their debut album. Titled 'We Reserve The Right (To Rock)', it was produced by **Rick Derringer**/engineered by **George Tutko** at *Cherokee Studios* in Los Angeles and will have a worldwide release on the *Jet* label in late September/early October.

The full track listing is: **'We Reserve The Right (To Rock)'**, **'Cat's Got Your Tongue'**, **'Metal In My Veins'**, **'Dirty Girls'**, **'High In High School'** (likely to be issued as a single), **'Just For Fun'**, **'Come One, Cum All'** and **'Stand Up & Fight'**.

The band intend to undertake either a headlining club or a major support tour in America soon after the LP is made available and hope to support **Black Sabbath** on their planned UK/European trek during late Winter/early Spring '85.

THERE'S NO doubt about it, the two hottest US success stories of the moment are **Twisted Sister** and **Ratt**. Whilst the former's 'Stay Hungry' album is currently shooting up the Top 30 and threatening to tear the American way of life limb from limb, the latter's 'Out Of The Cellar' opus has already established a bridgehead in the Top Ten, earning platinum status on the way.

The Atlantic-signed duo recently toured the States together in what must be considered a truly titanic Metal package. Needless to say, the respective frontmen **Dee Snider** and **Stephen Pearcy** (below) lost little time in exchanging information on eye-liner makes and which cereal packets contain the best giveaway 'rock raps' on the back.

Here we see rock 'n' roll's answer to the recent Democrat convention snapped onstage in Houston, Texas, haggling over who gets to take the microphone home for the night. It's nice to know that, despite his heady rise to star status, Dee (who joined Ratt onstage during 'Round And Round') hasn't forsaken his prime influence . . . Donald Duck!

Pic Ross Halfin

DOKKEN ISSUE their second album through *Elektra Records* in America on September 7. Titled **'Tooth & Nail'** (as exclusively revealed in *Rock USA*, issue 68), it's been produced by **Tom Werman**/recorded by **Geoff Workman**/mixed by **Michael Wagener,** aided by **Roy Thomas Baker** at *Cherokee Studios* in Los Angeles. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Without Warning'** (an instrumental), **'Tooth & Nail', 'Just Got Lucky', 'Heartless Heart'** and **'Don't Close Your Eyes'.**

Side Two: **'When Heaven Comes Down', 'Into The Fire', 'Bullets To Spare', 'Alone Again'** and **'Turn On The Action'.**

Although the band (below) are signed worldwide to *Elektra*, no UK release has yet been scheduled due to residual contractual problems emanating from the fact that their previous LP, 'Breakin' The Chains', was issued over here by *Carrere*.

On the live front, Dokken intend to work across the States from October onwards. However, it has yet to be decided whether they'll play their own headlining club shows or secure a support slot on a major tour.

Pic Ross Halfin

WRAPPING

"The reason I've survived whilst others from my era like Keith Moon haven't, is quite simple – I'm so boring!" Jethro Tull's IAN ANDERSON tells MALCOLM DO

COUNTLESS THOUSANDS of words have been spilled onto paper about Jethro Tull mainspring Ian Anderson. The flautist who gave the flamingo a place in rock myth, Ian has garnered a reputation (unfairly as far as I can tell) for being decidedly tetchy and temperamental when it comes to dealing with the media. However, his days of hell-raising and living out the rock 'n' roll ethic (if they ever did exit) have long since passed into the juvenile scrapbook. In 1984, Ian Anderson is more than anything else a successful businessman. He owns 650 acres of farmland in one of England's most fertile rural districts; he has a trout farm; he sells firearms on a small scale; he owns an island off the Scottish coast. . .

Relaxing in the semi-gloom of his own recording studio down on the aforementioned farm, Ian Anderson does indeed cut a quietly effusive figure, impressively charismatic yet in a maturely stolid manner. It's hard to equate the ebulliently intelligent man seated before me with the popular media image of the rustic lunatic.

"Well, I still crack up on Wednesdays and Fridays as a rule! I find it more rewarding to keep my crazy side to a strict timetable. No, seriously, the reason I've survived whilst others from my era like Keith Moon haven't, is quite simple – I'm so boring! During the Sixties when everybody else was taking all the drugs they could get hold of, I never had any interest in that at all.

"You see, I'd been around the sort of people who indulge in 'substances' since the age of 16 at art school. The whole drug culture and the attitudes of the kids within that circle just got up my nose, if you'll forgive the pun. Consequently, when I eventually made it into rock, I'd had enough of the drug scene.

"I never wanted to take anything. In fact, I got exceptionally irritated when Tull would play on the American West Coast before an audience totally out of their heads. It was tantamount to performing for people with brain tumours. I hated the whole hippy culture which existed during that period."

Anderson has a very objective, if slightly mocking, viewpoint of a time held dear by many as the most exciting/creative period in the history of rock 'n' roll. Yet one can't help but be impressed by his reasoned arguments. The bottom line is that the man has no need in the Eighties to spend his valuable time talking to the press because musical success surely no longer means as much as it once did. He chose to grant *this* interview because he wanted to chat and air his opinions for public consumption.

Maybe it's a sign of ego to believe that anyone could be intrigued by your viewpoint, but at least it made for an enthralling conversation. And, strangely enough, Anderson scarcely plugged the new Tull album, 'Under Wraps', a sure indicator that he no longer looks upon encounters with the journalistic fraternity as a means of persuading Joe Punter to open his wallet in the cause of the greater capitalist dream.

"Oh, I'm sure I'll hate at least half the material on the new album in six months time. It's always the same with me. But then, I suspect, if you ask any number of artists to express an honest opinion on their work all of them would probably admit to loathing a sizeable percentage of their recorded output."

THE NEW album was recorded at the Anderson farmyard studio and features the hardy team of keyboardsman Peter-John Vitesse, bassist Dave Pegg and guitarist Martin Barre. It was this mob who helped out on Ian's solo LP earlier this year, 'Walk Into Light' ("a spectacular disaster"). Now, they've been joined by 27-year-old New York drummer Doane Perry, for whom this is a dream come true, as he himself explained. . .

"There were four bands I'd always wanted to join – the Beatles, Weather Report, the Mahavishnu Orchestra and Tull. I've been a fan of the band for years. In fact, when I was 15 I wrote a letter to Clive Bunker who was my drumming hero, asking if I could possibly meet him when Tull next played in NY. Well, to my surprise, he kindly answered and invited me backstage. Everybody in the band at the time was extremely nice to me and I've stayed in touch with Clive ever since.

"Mind you, my illusions were shattered within 30 minutes of the first rehearsal I had after joining this lot. There were constant arguments over which songs we should be doing and how they had to be arranged! I'm just amazed that things have come together so well."

The new LP, due out on the *Chrysalis* label in early September, represents a slight electronic turn for Tull, although the unmistakable Jethro trademarks (billowing flute lines, folk-style vocals, etc) are still very much in evidence.

"The best way to describe Jethro Tull is that we're eclectic," stated Anderson. "But these days to be put into such a category is the kiss of death. Everything has to be 'street'. It's all about a temporary culture (fashion) and imitating what's currently hip. There's nothing original anymore and everyone you meet in rock circles is trying to develop a working class image. It seems that if you come from anywhere further out of town than Acton and have claims to a middle class background you've got no chance in the music business.

"I think we established a certain style years ago. Sure, Tull went through a period in about '72/'73 when we were producing heavily arranged, almost symphonic music, but in the end that wasn't satisfying. So we've concentrated on recording short songs since those overblown days."

Exactly how much of the new stuff finds its way into the Tull live set will become apparent when the band hit the road for their '84 world tour on August 30 (beginning at Dundee Caird Hall – see *Mayhem* issues 71/73 for full details); the tour takes in, aside from the UK, America (with the Headpins supporting), Australia and Europe (the band's Saturday headlining gig at the National Rock Festival, Lilford Park, can now not go ahead due to the festival's collapse).

"We're spending something like £250,000 on pre-production for the show, but it won't be a spectacular effects-orientated staging. We've always tried to put the emphasis on people rather than one-off effects like lasers. For example, our roadies invariably have three jobs to do, two of which involve dressing up and coming onstage.

"We're still putting together the music for the live show, but one number likely to be included is 'Living In The Past'. To be honest, I've always loathed and detested that song. In fact, when it was first a hit (reaching the Top Five in '69), I used to hide in a corner and cringe. But the guys in the band now are keen to play it, and you know, I'm beginning to grow accustomed to the damn thing."

BUT ENOUGH of the mandatory 'news' digestion, on with the 'interesting stuff'. It's been 16 years since Ian Anderson first donned his medieval codpiece in the pursuit of fame, fortune and an itchy groin. Despite numerous personnel shifts, the name of Jethro Tull has remained a respected one in the annals of Progressive Rock. Alongside Yes and Genesis, Tull have not only survived the excesses of the Sixties, but lived to prosper in the Eighties.

"Why have we survived? I really couldn't begin to answer that question. Perhaps we've been very lucky never to have been dubbed 'teenybop idols'. Being ugly does have its advantages. I was once the centrefold in *'Jackie'*, which must have given all those girls at finishing schools up and down the country a really nasty shock. Can you imagine, having David Cassidy one week and *me* the next?! But seriously, once you get dubbed a 'teeny performer' your career is virtually over. No-one comes back from that sort of stigma; David Cassidy, Adam Ant, the Bay City Rollers, they've all suffered as a result.

"I've never really considered myself a man with talent. At school I wasn't exactly excellent at anything in particular. Oh sure, I was always in the top stream, but never outstanding at one subject.

"So, anyway, I finally ran away from school and very nearly joined the police. I've always had a strong sense of justice, and was in the process of filling in an application form, when the inspector who interviewed me discovered that (shock! horror!!) I had eight O levels, which meant I was too well qualified! I was therefore turned down. To say the least, I was shattered."

Fortunately, Anderson took his rejection like a man and took up the guitar. The rest, as they say, is history.

YARRS

Pic Ray Palmer

FATE: FROM PAGE 7

religion and way of life (a religion he dubbed *Thelemism*, which is Greek for Will, or the power of the mind) and has absolutely nothing to do with Satanism, which is the practise of magic in the worship of Satan.

The rest of this piece, then, is a dialogue between King Diamond and myself. Judge for yourself whether you think he's the *bona fide* article or whether, like me, you reckon his interest and enthusiasm is genuine but his practical knowledge is at best *limited* and at worst virtually *non-existent.*

IN QUOTING that phrase, 'Do What Thou Wilt . . .' you seem to have confused Satanism with Thelemism . . .

Diamond: "With what?"

Thelemism.

Diamond: "Thelemism? I've never heard of that. What I'm taking my stand from is *'The Satanic Bible'*. I found out after I'd read it that it was exactly the way I was living."

But are you a practising Satanist?

Diamond: "Yes, but 'practising', what's that? I don't pray to Satan. It's more like a way of living. And there's the spiritual thing where I have been given a lot of proof about spirits and forces that exist, another part of Satanism altogether."

But that phrase, 'Do What Thou Wilt . . .' has nothing to do with Satanism at all.

Diamond: "Oh Yeah, it does. Maybe it has something to do with another thing but it's . . ."

No, it's a phrase Aleister Crowley concocted, and he wasn't a Satanist.

Diamond: "Yeah, but OK, let's say it's in *'The Satanic Bible'* and it's a phrase that may not have been created by a Satanist, but it's a phrase that a Satanist would go for so it's been incorporated."

Do you have a magical grade?

Diamond: "No, I don't."

This is confusing, how can you be a Satanist and not practise magic?

Diamond: "I've cursed Manowar! But I'm not doing too many ceremonies back home because I'm not into the *occult* or in a coven, in Denmark there are no covens. There might be one, but it's fake. They're Satanists in the way Christians think of them, and it's dangerous because they play with powers they shouldn't play with. They treat The Powers without any respect and that's very, very dangerous."

So you're performing rituals without any magical grade and without any proper schooling?

Diamond: "No, I am, what you say, self-taught."

Then how do you know what you're doing is correct?

Diamond: "Because I have it in words, exactly what to do, written by the high-priest of the Satanic Church."

Anton Le Vay? (Author of *'The Satanic Bible'*)

Diamond: "Yeah."

DO YOU believe you can control the forces you call upon?

Diamond: "If you do your rituals in the right way and you believe hard enough and you're definitely sure these powers exist and you have respect – you have to really respect them for this incredible power that they have – then you will be able to control them, but that's just if they like you."

Do you realise that each time you get onstage or talk about it like this you're breaking the Law of Silence?

Diamond: "I don't think there should be a Magical Law of Silence."

But there is!

Diamond: "I don't believe in it. The message I have for people, in my lyrics and stuff, is: I'm not *preaching* Satanism but I want people to be aware of The Powers because they might lead them to a better life. They might understand more."

A lot of things went wrong around Jimmy Page (which may or may not be attributable to his magical activities) who is a very high-grade magician. You're approaching it essentially from a layman's angle, aren't you worried that things might go drastically wrong?

Diamond: "No, because I believe so hard that I know what they (The Powers) feel towards me. I know that we're one and the same, The Powers and me. I have nothing to fear from these powers. I'm not a magician, I wouldn't say that, but I am very interested in these things. I tried to use them once and that was against Manowar because of what they did to us – that, to be quite honest, is the only thing I've ever practised in magic. I would like to be in a coven where you can do regular rituals because just doing a ritual on your own, back home, is not the right way to do it."

How do you explain the phenomena that have occurred around you?

Diamond: "From the first experience I had I think these powers wanted me to know they exist, probably because they knew I might be a faithful believer. I think they come to you and show themselves when they know you're capable of handling it."

But you've performed a ritual without any schooling or any proper tutelage!

Diamond: "I think I know how to control them, that's why I did it. I feel I'm doing the right stuff in the right way."

But that's like driving a car down a motorway before you've had a single lesson!

Diamond: "Well, I would really like to get proper schooling from one of these covens . . . that's the way I want it to be done and that's really why I haven't done a lot of rituals and I'm not going to . I've done it once when I felt it was really necessary and I was confident The Powers were on my side (against Manowar)."

DOESN'T WHAT you do onstage amount to a ritual? At that infamous Girlschool gig (the one where Kim McAuliffe got electrocuted!) you actually invoked a spirit!

Diamond: "No, that's not the way I do it. I *welcome* them to join us in the hall, I don't *invoke* them in that way. I was singing in the mike she was knocked out by! Nothing happened to me at all, it was a really weird experience because I had no idea that a thing like that might happen to the poor girls who played after us!"

But to call up any spirit the absolute basic thing to do is perform the Lesser Banishing Ritual to ward off an evil spirit. If you don't do that you could be opening the doors to almost anything that wanted to come in!

Diamond: "Yeah."

Which is incredibly dangerous . . .

Diamond: "Yeah, OK, but I don't believe there's *good* or *bad* spirits, I think they're the same and they react depending on whether or not they like a person."

That's why you need some basic control, the proper safeguards. You see, in a gig situation (which, incidentally, is pretty much a magic ritual in itself) you've got an awful lot of energy trapped, so if you then call up Satan or whatever without the proper procedures for safety, it can be a very irresponsible action.

Diamond: "But again, I don't call them like that, I *invite* them."

'Invite'/'invoke', it's just a matter of definition.

Diamond: "I'm not inviting them in the way of a ritual. I invite them in because I feel one and the same with them. I don't believe they would hurt the people who come to see *us!* I don't believe they're coming down to hurt people because that's not the way I'm directing them with my thoughts. I believe so strongly that we're one and the same that they'll never harm me or what I stand for."

But what about the people around you?

Diamond: "If I think none of them should be hurt . . . of course, I'm thinking: come down and join us, we're having a f**king good time here tonight, so come along, have a good time, too. I don't believe they'd come to hurt someone when they've come for a good time."

OK, but at the end of the gig those things are still around . . .

Diamond: "Well, I don't think that's really my concern."

But if you've called the things up!

Diamond: "But I haven't called them up!"

You invited them in!

Diamond: "I invited them in for the concert! So if they come because I've invited them, they should go when the stuff is over . . . But I'm amazed that you're into this stuff! Have you studied it or are you just interested in the occult?"

Aah, and thereby hangs a tale.

HELIX: FROM PAGE 28

but we've sure worked for it.

"There's a lot of other bands who could follow us if they made the effort. I think the bar scene's been really healthy over the last couple of years; in the United States they don't have residencies so bands aren't able to sit together for a few days at a time and concentrate on their writing and musicianship. On top of that, because they're always on the move, they have really high gasoline expenses, plus all the gear they're banging around in the truck every day is really expensive, so the financial drain is much more than in Canada, where bands can afford to stick together for longer and develop.

"Also, something that I can't really grasp yet, is that in America there doesn't seem to be bars that a band can get into right out of the basement. They're all showcase clubs, whereas in Canada there are bars for any level of band, different circuits to play on and progress through. Canada is the healthiest place in the world for a band to grow up in.

"We were lucky in making the break, and we owe a lot to excellent management. If it had been left to us, I doubt if we'd have made the jump from the top end of the Canadian bar circuit to what we're doing now.

"It's funny, but back around the period of our second album (this time he means 'White Lace And Black Leather') we were offered a deal and we turned it down. At that stage in our career, it was the hardest decision we'd ever made, we'd waited so long to get a record deal and it was like a dream come true to be offered one. But, in retrospect, it was the best decision we ever made. A lot of bands snatch at it; when you're out there grafting away it's like a light at the end of the tunnel and you grab at it, it's hard not to."

Helix, however, had the good sense to wait for the right deal at the right time, and now it's paying off. Last year, the record company (*Capitol*) supported a tour of Europe with Kiss and the band are more than keen to cross the water again.

Unfortunately, plans to play at Lilford Park and The Bell have now fallen through, but, rest assured, it won't be too long before they're back to thrill us once again.

Coming next issue . . .

Steve Hackett

Donington review

Jim Dandy

Mötley Crüe take over the singles page

KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to Kommunication, Kerrang!, 40 Long Acre, London WC2

HOWARD JOHNSON'S interview with ANDY TAYLOR in issue 73 caused the biggest flood of mail in Kerrang!'s history. With tempers obviously running high out there in readersville, we can only do the decent thing and devote one whole page to the DURAN DURAN debate . . .

Pic Chris Walter

DURAN DURAN: Andy Taylor (right) together with 'overweight turd' Simon Le Bon

"WHY THE hostility to this particular rock 'n' roll band?" asked Howard Johnson in his Duran Duran feature.

Perhaps I should let him in on a few home truths. The vocals on the 'Reflex Remix' have not one ounce of the 'emotive quality' Hojo speaks of. Simon Le Bon is an overweight turd, and Kerrang! *readers have every right to reject any band that employs a talentless singer simply to appeal to little girls. Le Bon's vocals on the original album version of 'The Reflex' are some of the most insipid in the history of rock, a fact which even the band must surely admit to – hence the tarted-up remix.*

Considered as a musical unit Duran are OK, but as a 'rock band' they are still only an average to middling outfit who rarely realise the potential of strong songwriting as they always employ a weak and bland delivery.

Finally, I'd like to explain to Hojo why a lot of us out here resent Duran being in Kerrang! *Despite all their newly-gained so-called 'rock sensibilities', they originally burst onto society as the fantasy group of the female adolescents. If the marvellously honest Ross Halfin had taken Duran's early publicity photos, they would have never lasted long enough to merit coverage in* Kerrang! ***An Angel and Alaska fan.***

P.S. Loved the way Ross Halfwit showed up Ratt for the spotty wallies they are, especially next to their touched-up promo photos.

THANK YOU very much Howard Johnson for at least speaking some reason in issue 73. Why does liking rock music exclude you from liking Duran Duran? Why can't my copy of 'Seven And The Ragged Tiger' nestle between 'Pyromania' and 'Records'? I'm fed up with the bigotted attitude possessed by certain people (in quite large numbers) who proclaim that 'If it isn't heavy it isn't no good' (good English, eh?). It's like people saying, 'Rush aren't any good any more, they can't be, they've had their hair cut'.

I, for one, am glad to see that your magazine is at least trying to feature bands like the Alarm and U2. I'm not saying this sort of thing should dominate, but why can't we have articles on the Edge and W.A.S.P. in the same issue? If only people would be more open-minded, instead of rejecting something merely by looking at the type of haircut. There is plenty of great rock 'n' roll on the fringes of HM/HR that is being ignored merely because of bias. I'm not trying to force things on people, I'm just asking everyone to be less prejudiced and not to laugh when I accidentally wear my Clash T-shirt instead of my Saxon one going to the next HM concert. **Steven Chapman, Barwell, Leicestershire**

Pic Ray Palmer

THE GUILTY man: Howard Johnson (left) and friend

*WITH REGARD to issue 73 and the Duran Duran interview. Well, what more can I say but – f**kin' brilliant!* Kerrang! *73 was by far the best issue for a long time.*

Why? Because it showed how narrow-minded and sheep-like HM fans are. Peter Mensch's Komment *was also excellent, and really showed why England is the pits as far as rock music goes.*

Duran Duran are a very good rock band indeed, but because they are often on 'TOTP', *don't sing about devils and wimmin and don't wear denim and leather, they are not accepted by rock fans.*

No doubt Kerrang! *will get lots of letters slagging off issue 73 because of Duran Duran. But I say let's have more features like this! I play in a rock band, and have played in lots of HM no-hope outfits, but I dare not mention my name (or the bands' names) for fear of retribution from long-haired wallies wearing leather biker jackets.* ***Big Waz***

WELL *KERRANG!*, this really is the last straw. I'm certain this won't be the only letter of complaint about the Andy Taylor interview (issue 73), but it's obvious that the trendies in the office (Howard Johnson and Dave Dickson, of course) and all these 'Durannies' (pause for good laugh) who've adorned the letters page recently have taken over.

No matter what they say, trendy crap like this doesn't belong in *Kerrang!*. Sure, I know this is supposed to be a rock mag, but it's an idly used term these days. You tried to dress Taylor up by saying that he's got long hair and likes Eddie Van Halen. Big deal! You can't fool me! His kind belong in *Smash Hits* and all the other trendy mags, places where all you 'Durannies' (my God) can sit and drool over their hunky bodies in peace.

Another good example is Hanoi Rocks. They're often featured in *Kerrang!*, yet they're no more relevant than Duran Duran. I mean, look at them, they exist to pose. The singer looks like that Marilyn, the bass player looks just like a wally and the guitarist looks like bloody Boy George. They disguise themselves with hard little names like 'Nasty Suicide' in an attempt to be butch.

Kerrang! really is on a downhill slide. **Steve 'Evil Eyes', Merseyside.**

I PRESUME that I echo the feelings of the majority of Kerrang! *readers when I state that I do not want to see Duran Duran in this magazine again. I'll set out to explain why, without the tempting aid of offensive language.*

Simply put, Duran Duran and their ilk bore and annoy me with their market-researched music. They serve one useful purpose – to divert the adoring attention of the teenybopper hordes (Dave Dickson excluded) away from rock music – for which I'm grateful, since it cuts out the worrying prospect of having screaming stampedes at HM gigs. This usefulness doesn't, however, outweigh the agitation we all suffer at the squeaky-clean hands of their whining, simpering songs. This is why I, and nearly everyone I know (which includes people of all tastes in music), dislike Duran so.

The state of affairs is clear, and it's surely apparent to Geoff Barton and Howard Johnson that the Andy Taylor interview was a big, credibility-draining clanger. All the interview did was generate widespread disgust among Kerrang's *readership. It did nothing to 'educate' the readers, as was Hojo's seemingly intended aim. If Duran Duran want recognition from the HM sphere, they'll have to get it through their* music, *not through coffee-table conversation.*

The patronising quotes at the start of the piece ("I love rock bands such as Van Halen", "leather-swathed, long-haired guitarist", "a real rock 'n' roller at heart", ad nauseam) *were so hollow and obvious in their purpose (to curry favour by identifying Taylor with* clichéd *HM trademarks and values) that I'm surprised Barton had the audacity to insult the average reader's intelligence with them.*

I know of no fellow Kerrang! *readers who agree with Hojo that Taylor is an aggressive guitarist or that Duran Duran are an even remotely tough musical force. As much as they refute it, Duran Duran are pop pap, insignificant rubbish who've contributed nil to rock music, and will doubtless never do so as long as there exists a hungry market lapping up every last drop of vinyl they produce.*

Duran are like Depeche Mode, and they do not belong in Kerrang! *I pay 70 pence for a magazine concentrating on HM. If I was the slightest bit interested in Duran Duran I'd buy a little pop paper.*

Please don't repeat this kind of farce. And let's have some more Venom. ***Paul Elliott, Farnham.***

HOWARD JOHNSON did a brave thing by doing an Andy Taylor interview. No doubt he will take some stick from a few thick-headed wallies, but it was well worth it.

When it comes to ability, there aren't many guitarists around that can touch Andy Taylor. A few months back I saw Duran Duran at the Birmingham NEC (which will be screened by *ITV* around Xmas). Andy, with fag hanging from his mouth, was reminiscent of the great Jimmy Page.

If you listen closely to Duran Duran records you will realise that they are not a pop group, but a very good rock band. Howard Johnson's interview has broken a lot of preconceived ideas about DD and I hope a lot of true rock fans will now sit back and appreciate them more. **Brian Burrows** *(Shurely shome mishtake? – Ed),* **Fatfield, Tyne & Wear**

KOMMUNICATION RESUMES NORMAL SERVICE OVER PAGE . . .

KOMMUNICATION

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

DON'T MENSCH-ION IT (1)
FIRST OF all, my congratulations on *Komment*, an excellent feature that helps to stir up our tired, apathetic rock public in a way no latest Boy George release could ever hope to achieve.

However, as a young vocalist in a struggling, unheard-of band, I was particularly upset by the *Komment* written by Peter Mensch (luv the scarf, dearie) in issue 73.

To quote Mensch: "*I haven't heard or seen any new UK bands with the goods to make it out of the cult ranks*".

Like many other punters, my initial reaction to these words was totally negative, but after a little thought the grim fact dawned on me that, yes, the man is 100 per cent correct. Quite honestly it infuriates me to realise that UK rock hasn't progressed since the late Seventies. How badly we miss the presence of bands like Sweet, who could reach the 'magical' top ten and yet still kick some pretty large quantities of ASS.

The rock industry must re-examine its ideas; it must become single minded and manufacture a rock band good enough to achieve worldwide chart success and album sales. Let's find four or five lads/lasses pretty enough to wet your grits at a thousand paces, get together the best songwriters, producers, promoters and clinically (even *cynically*) produce a worldwide number one.

It doesn't have to be a wimp out, all we have to do is buy the damn thing whether we like it or not, just for the future of UK Metal.

If Van Halen can reach the top ten on limited airplay, no TV slots and no tour, then a well-hyped UK outfit can start the rise for hundreds of other hopefuls.

Over to you, Peter Mensch. **Wretch, The Voice Of The Future, South Wales.**

P.S. If Mensch doesn't require me to head this megaband, then I'm available at an incredibly large fee to write reviews for *Kerrang!*

DON'T MENSCH-ION IT (2)
AS A ROCK manger myself, I read Peter Mensch's diatribe on the state of UK rock with much interest, and although I agreed with much of his argument, I found that in his rush to generalise he had overlooked several important developments.

Firstly, can he really be ignorant of the growing international acclaim that Scottish hot-shots Heavy Pettin are attracting? Or is he perhaps just a little put out that they are better received by British audiences than Mensch's own band, Def Leppard?

Similarly Terraplane, who are on the verge of signing a major deal, are further proof that Britain has not lost its ability to produce great melodic hard rock bands.

On the evidence of their 'First Blood' EP, I would also suggest that Young Blood will become a force to be reckoned with in this area.

How much more rewarding all these bands are than the tired 'outrage merchants' Mensch named as 'up and coming', namely W.A.S.P. and Mötley Crüde. The trend over the last two years has been for bands to be judged on their ability to 'go over the top' rather than on their skill in writing songs, and *Kerrang!* must take a large chunk of the blame for encouraging this trend and thus contributing to the stagnation of British rock.

Hard as it may seem to credit, I personally find the Blood a better bet than any of these Mensch-recommended bands, because, despite their Oi roots, they have managed to temper their shock lyrics and themes with melody and invention.

But I don't want to dwell on them because it is the Terraplanes and the Heavy Pettins of this country who will be rekindling the flame of British Rock globally. Don't count out Neal Kay either, because from what I've heard on the grapevine that old trooper is about to burst back on the scene very soon . . . you have been warned. (*God help us! -Ed.*) **Jimmy O'Rourke, manager Vendetta, Plaistow, East London.**

Pic Ross Halfin

PETER MENSCH (top) with mutt Geddy: prepare yourself for the Neal Kay comeback!

A WEIRDO WRITES
I AM LITERALLY telepathic with Jimmy Page and the rest of Led Zeppelin (the rock group). What I mean is that I can talk to them in my head instead of using my mouth. They won't as yet allow me to meet them.

The idea is this; I make love and then I do Astral Projection (the effects of the telepathic influence ensure this will happen).

I have been like this since October 1980. In that time Zeppelin have utterly destroyed me in every way possible. I'm now left with nothing, everything I ever worked for has been sold in order to keep me in the pub or smashed up. This, they feel, is perfectly OK in the endless quest to 'remove' me from my friends and turn me literally into a God. This last word is no exaggeration, they also do some very strange and powerful magic tricks.

I cannot control my thoughts sufficiently due to telepathy, subsequently they know everything about me and all I know about my friends.

I'm no nut. Evidence of this can be found in Colin Wilson's books on mysteries and the occult and various Led Zep/Black Sabbath songs. **Stephen Tate, Morton, Derbyshire.**

PROGRESSIONS OF POWER
OVER THE last few issues I have noticed some glimmers of hope in *Kerrang!*, what with the letter from 'Crow Baby' (issue 72) praising groups such as the Sisters Of Mercy (who incidentally never covered Bolan's 'Telegram Sam', that was Bauhaus, but they did do a marvellous version of the Stones' 'Gimme Shelter'), the March Violets, Gene Loves Jezebel and Play Dead.

Don't get me wrong though, I love Heavy Metal when it's done well by groups such as Van Halen, Kiss, Leppard, Priest and the Scorpions. But not enough groups are making any headway musically.

Personally I'd like to see more bands experimenting within the framework of heavy rock and relying on a wide range of influences. Just tell me of any two Gabriel, Floyd or Zeppelin albums that sound the same! If groups don't start progressing soon I can only see Heavy Metal declining over the next 10 years. **AD, The Reptile House.**

FINE, FINE 'LINE'
THE NEW Dio album 'The Last In Line' can be mistaken for an extended version of 'Holy Diver'. With RJD producing, writing the lyrics and melodies for both albums, a touch of similarity occurs. Brilliant as they both are, I just hope the next one has something different in store. I thought the review by Mark Putterford summed up the new LP just right. Go geddit! **Dek of Crewe.**

CRÜE – WHAT A SCORCHER!
BRILLIANT! I'M referring to the Mötley Crüe interview (issue 73). Laugh – I nearly died! Not only are the Crüe a new force in HM, they are also amazingly hilarious – Most bands (Dio and Rush, for example) boast about their audiences being made up of nature fans, but the Crüe insist on referring to 'em as whores and dirty women!

I mean, Crüe's attitude to HM and life in general should be enough to make crap like Dio, Maiden, Styx, *etc.* very envious indeed. **Mick Johnson, Bradford, W. Yorks.**

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KONCERTS

Pic Robert Ellis

JIMMY PAGE (left) and ROY HARPER: 'tight but loose'

JIM FIXED IT FOR ME!

HARPER & PAGE
Cambridge Folk Festival

"HELLO WELCHY, you old w**ker!"

This cheery greeting came from Mr James Patrick Page, suddenly dashing across a cavernous tent backstage at the Cambridge Folk Festival. It was good to shake him by the hand. And there was everyone wondering if Jimmy was going to show up. Even Roy Harper had shown signs of nerves minutes before showtime. "I've got to get the band together now, and Jimmy hasn't turned up yet," he said. But Jimmy has never missed a show yet, unless held up by an earthquake.

Pagey was back, clad in a gleaming white silk suit and long scarf, armed with his trusty guitars and a beaming smile. He wasn't saying much, though he was obviously delighted at being on stage again, working in a band, amongst friends.

"It's a bit funny playing in the afternoon," he said. "I'd sooner play after dark."

Jimmy began tuning up his guitars, reverently laid out on the floor. There wasn't even time for a soundcheck let alone a lengthy chat, and Jimmy had work to do. But he explained that it wasn't just going to be a duo appearance. They had a full five-piece band together, with singer and composer Roy, also one of Jimmy's oldest mates, playing guitar as well. "This is our first gig with the band," said Jim.

The line-up included Nick Green on keyboards, Tony Franklin, a Billy Idol lookalike, on bass and Steve Broughton on drums. "They're Roy's mates from Blackpool," I was told. The return to active service by rock's most admired figures has been a slow and gentle process.

Since the demise of Led Zep back in 1980 Jimmy has emerged for occasional jam sessions and, of course, appeared in earnest with Beck and Clapton at the historic ARMS concerts last year. Then Jimmy began working with Roy Harper, one of England's foremost songwriting talents and a unique performer. Roy, too, has had his ups and downs in recent years, stricken by illness and critically neglected.

They played together with Nick on keyboards and a drum machine at the St. Ives Hotel folk room in Blackpool, and then at the Tree Fayre in Thetford, an East Anglian festival. Originally, the McGregors were going to sneak into the Cambridge Festival, but then Roy and Jimmy decided to go the whole hog, revealing their colours and announcing that they've produced an album together.

It was a beautiful, hot sunny day for the unveiling of Harper & Page, and the relaxed atmosphere at the three-day event was perfect for the battle hardened warriors. They wanted no truck with the press and Roy told me he would get his 'revenge' for some snidey remarks that had already been passed about their activities.

"The fact is that our age doesn't matter," said Roy. "We may have been playing for a long time but we still have a lot of music and new ideas to offer."

It was back on 'Led Zeppelin III' that Jimmy and Robert Plant presented a song in tribute to the maverick of the British folk scene, 'Hats Off To Roy Harper'. Then in 1974 members of Zeppelin backed Roy in concert at the *Rainbow Theatre*. Jimmy had been fond of folk music for years, and often went to the clubs long before he became associated with Zeppelin. But there was nothing folksy about the music Harper & Page presented at Cambridge.

There was tension and an atmosphere of expectancy as the strange little band wandered casually into view. There was much tuning up, squeaks of feedback and fiddling about with equipment. This was no laser rock show with bursts of dry ice, but a living, breathing band finding its feet and waiting for the music to create the magic.

Roy Harper, in a striped T-shirt and yellow trousers, took up position at the front of the stage, not quite the wild man of the late Sixties, but still capable of mesmerising audiences with subtle gestures and subdued humour. "Shut up peasants!" he shouted as the audience began to get restless with all the tuning up.

Jimmy was the last to come on stage, his white scarf trailing and a cigarette dangling from his lips. We waited on tenterhooks. What on earth were they going to play? A few tentative chords came from Roy's guitar and the band gradually joined in. Roy and the bass player sang, and it was all 'tight but loose' as Jimmy would say. They played 'Referendum' and Jimmy seemed to be having some trouble with his footswitch. A roadie rushed to sort it out, but there was very little equipment to deal with.

"This is 'Elizabeth', a song for peace off our LP," announced Roy and the pace began to hot up. "Squirt in my shoes!" sang Roy enigmatically as the synthesiser reproduced the sound of nocturnal emissions. He then launched into a fantasy about TV star Joan Bakewell. "Come in Joan Bakewell!" he intoned, making rude gestures. "He's nuts," claimed a vociferous fan between shouts for Jimmy.

Page's guitar wasn't loud enough, but when it came through, he began to build up layers of notes in his own unique, indefinable way, his face consumed in saturnine ecstacy, a picture of cat-like contentment. Sometimes the two guitars played in unison, and Roy conjured up a lot of fine atmospheric stuff to match Jimmy's faster fluency. As Jimmy began to cook, the young, untried band started to work together and it all got very heavy. Roy broke a string in the excitement and Jim's guitar began to howl in time-honoured fashion.

"Thank you for having us. Maybe there'll be some more – who knows," said Roy, while Jimmy looked delighted at the response of the cheering crowd. They came back for one more song and there were chants for yet more encores. But the compere called a halt.

How had Jimmy enjoyed it? He was as self-critical as ever. "Well, it was OK, but I couldn't hear the guitar very well." Indeed, there had been problems, including the synth going out of tune, feedback and poor on-stage monitoring.

But the general verdict from Page & Harper was that it was "a smashing set!" It was an historic afternoon that should give both artists a great boost in confidence.

CHRIS WELCH

MORE REVIEWS OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

GIRLSCHOOL
Dingwalls, London

MOST HARD-CORE Girlschool fans swallowed a bitter pill when the pristine 'Play Dirty' album surfaced last year. Despite its glossy upmarket sleeve and smoothed musical advancement many, including myself, detected a definite air of disenchantment with the final product.

The trouble with progression is that you can often leap *too* far. Fortunately, Girlschool have realised that mistake and, judging by this rather low key (actually more of a showcase) performance, they seem to be eager to remedy matters as fast as they can.

Between a densely packed mass of bobbing shoulders, banging heads and flying hair (in stifling heat), the new look Girlschool strutted their stuff in pioneering fashion. Whilst never having been a converted fan (I couldn't handle the screeches!), this gig brought a response out of me that under normal conditions I would have found disturbing. But hell, I wasn't even drunk!

Immediate reactions were focussed almost exclusively on new front lady Jackie Bodimead. Apart from her captivating looks and sexual appeal, this young wench has definitely got the goods and she knows how to deliver them. Alternating between stage centre (teasing) and a bank of keyboards (practically inaudible from where I was lying), she not only proved that her appointment was wildy successful, but also *necessary*.

Kelly's replacement (a horrible description, I know), the sultry-looking Chris Bonacci, scored high marks too. She's hot, she's young and she's already on her way to being a fine axe heroine.

Obviously nervous at first, the big sisters – that's Kim, Denise and Gil – loosened up mid-set to coast home in fine traditional fashion by pulling out a selection of their best oldies, soaked in Aerosmith-style swank. Pick of the bunch were: '20th Century Boy', 'Surrender', 'Take It All Away', 'Emergency' and 'Burning In The Heat'.

Girlschool are back re-acquainting themselves with old friends and making a lot of new ones. Count me in.

DEREK OLIVER

ORE
Marquee, London

SO THERE was Xavier, me and the Bishop taking our evening constitutional along Wardour Street the other purple night, *en route* for a spot of mayhem over the bar of The Ship, when this giant 6'10" Saracen with the wildest look in his one good eye leapt out of the smouldering darkness of Meard Street and *insisted* we adjourn at once to the Marquee where we would learn something to our advantage . . .

We made a professional decision:

"All right, Saracen . . ." we heartily agreed, clocking the size of his arms, gazing forlornly at his shag-pile chest.

We were off to see the mighty Ore. That should read . . . MIGHTY!

Ore are a four-piece monolith of Metal-minded madness who don't waste words or riffs. They just deliver harder than a club-iron to the back of the knees. So let's meet the boys in the band . . . they've got real friendly faces.

On lead guitar and playing like he means it is Dean Howard, on bass and vocal harmonies so full and sweet is John Jay Hennessey, on drums is Andy Elthick . . . and on big, beefy, jerky lead vocals there is Gordon MacArthur. Gordon – on stage at least – comes on as the sort of broad-shouldered, bombed-out frontman delicate *Kerrang!* type hacks don't wanna mess with. He has the creative constitution of a lion, and a talent that staggers beneath the weight of its own electric personality. He leaps, he spins, and he challenges you to listen to his music. He's no Michael Jackson when it comes to dancing, but he has a Celtic aggression to his gait that is quite poetic in its animal grace.

The songs are all charged up and candy-fat, full of sweet rock melody. On 'Alternatives' Ore could be a British ZZ Top, while sometimes, as on 'Natural Reaction', they reminded me of all those early Seventies blues-rock bands like Free and the Faces and, uh, Family, and it was just so convincing you couldn't fail to praise the band's vitality.

Ore have got the muscle, and they badly want to go for it, and go for it *now*, which makes for great club entertainment. But in terms of improving their act, well, they're new and they've got plenty of time to smooth out the rough spots, refine the musical dramatics and polish up the guitars and vocal harmonies. Straight-forward work is all that's needed.

And then . . . well, don't ask me. If you still feel badly about it, you can always talk to the Saracen . . .

MICK WALL

LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH
Valley Of The Dolls, London

VALLEY OF THE DOLLS (a name lifted, I have no doubt, from Generation X's second and most brilliant album) is a new club opened at Fooberts in Fouberts Place just off Regent Street and Carnaby Street.

There on Thursday nights gather all the glitterati you would normally associate with the kind of gigs they're putting on there: tonight it's the Lords, on the opening night it was the Glitter Band, in two weeks time it's Patti Palladin, the other week it was Jayne County. It's the place where fashion meets rock 'n' roll, where decadence meets amplification and Glam meets guitars. It's the sort of place that's worth checking out just for the audience, invariably as interesting as the people on the stage. And with a bar open until 3am there are certain other attractions to the place as well.

But let's leave the bar for the time being and worm our way through the packed crowd around to the stage where four of the now five-piece Lords (keyboardist Matt Irving being the new member) have moved behind their instruments and we await only the arrival of High Priest Stiv Bators to declare the proceedings open.

"Ahh," comes the voice of Stiv from behind the PA stack, responding to vocal encouragement from the crowd, "some intelligent life out there!". Deeming this an appropriate moment to emerge, he climbs out and the band thunder into 'New Church' – and we're talking serious business here!

Unfortunately, no-one has bothered to tell the imbecile behind the mixing desk that when you use a concert-hall PA volume level in a club this small the best you can hope for is distortion. Well, we got distortion. So bad at times it was impossible to decipher what was being played.

So they whiplashed through 'Dance With Me' and 'Russian Roulette' (a truly awesome song) with Stiv, breaking tradition and wearing a *white* vest instead of the regulation black one, being sadly lost much of the time in the wall of noise issuing from the speakers. You couldn't even hear what the man was saying in his song introductions, which meant all the stuff the Lords were previewing from the upcoming album became nameless. Which was a shame, because there was one in particular (which may be the new single, I couldn't be sure) that sounded totally brilliant and straight out of the Rolling Stones book of hits, allowing guitarist Brian James to indulge his fantasy of being Keith Richards. The song was a kind of Stonesy-type reggae number, and you should definitely look out for it.

After they'd stormed through 'Black Girl White Girl' and 'Li'l Boys Play With Dolls' they couldn't be allowed to leave. So they thrashed out 'Holy War' and the Who's 'Substitute' before they decided they'd indulged in enough serious business for one night and retired into the gloom.

The Lords Of The New Church are one of the most decidedly compelling bands I've seen around. See them. They're serious business, guys, serious business.

DAVE DICKSON

Pic Rock Index

DI'ANNO
Royal Standard, Walthamstow

THERE WAS no straw strewn across the floor, there were no horses tied up outside this particular hostelry, there were no buxom wenches serving ale to weary journeymen, but there was still no doubting that the 'roughly hewn stable boy charm' of Paul Di'Anno was back to tread the boards – with no little amount of energy, either!

"Nah, we ain't doin' any f**kin' Iron Maiden songs!" laughed the mainman between numbers, obviously aware that the Standard was enjoying its busiest night in a good while on the strength of his reputation. But that was probably a good thing in itself!

It's astounding to see the lumbering frame of Di'Anno, distinctly larger *and* balder on top than during 'Ssshh, you know who' days, commanding a sophisti-rock troupe such as this with considerable aplomb. After all, it's not as if Paul is setting new vocal standards; it's not as if he's a Mike Monroe in the visual presentation area, but for some inexplicable reason everything gels in Di'Anno and the whole shebang works!

Now, it has to be said that Di'Anno's bag will hardly have you reaching for the squash racket, but having witnessed Blind Fury's onslaught dissecting my head at this very venue recently, I know which side I'm on in this particular battle! Di'Anno could certainly benefit from a tougher edge in the twin guitars of Lee Slater and PJ Ward, but they do indeed have the songs there to provide more than hope. Virtually all of Di'Anno's debut album was aired and the material on offer was indeed tasty stuff – late Seventies US Hard Rock riding purposefully on Mark Venables' tasteful keys.

'Heartuser', 'Tales Of The Unexpected', 'Road Rat' ("A bit of 'eavy Metal for ya," quoth Paul, somewhat sardonically!), everything came over as pretty convincing and, above all, enjoyable. However, what could perhaps halt the progress of Di'Anno is that the niche for new acts within this area seems to be diminishing. We're not talking wild make-up, meat throwing antics and general debauchery here – and the question that remains at the end of a most enjoyable gig is whether 'enjoyable' is good enough?! However, I'm keeping my fingers 'n' tootsies crossed for 'em!

HOWARD JOHNSON

(NEW) MAN FROM ATLANTIS

Armed with a fresh young vocalist, Scottish Prog Rockers PALLAS return to the fight . . .

FOR A band who have been dogged by more than their fair share of those rock 'n' roll Summertime Blues, the Pallas boys look decidedly cool and relaxed. It's another white hot, flesh-creepingly sticky day in London and the sweat is running down my back like the bloody Niagra Falls when I arrive – fashionably late and gasping for a fag – at the plush offices of their record company, *EMI*.

The meet has been arranged so's me and the boys can talk some serious turkey and shed some light on the recent sacking of long-time Pallas vocalist and all-round theatrical raconteur Euan Lowson; his replacement by 'new boy in class', 'complete unknown', etc, etc, Alan Reed; and the disappointing failure of their recent UK tour of major venues.

A mere three months ago, Pallas seemed to be on the verge of a Marillion-style breakthrough in this country. Their debut *EMI* album, 'The Sentinel', had just been released and the largest, most prestigious tour of their career announced to back it up.

Then came the reviews. Hardly a wipe-out of the darkest water, they nonetheless reached the corporate conclusion that the six-track *meisterwerk* sounded dated, overblown and undynamic in too many places. Expectations were running high in the media camp and blades were razor sharp . . .

Never less than entirely philosophical and with a deep-rooted belief in their own talent, Pallas sturdily took to the road. Traditionally the real testing ground for public and professional opinion, they blew their act badly in key cities. At the final date of the tour at the Hammersmith Odeon in London the critics were left with little choice but to hang a big question mark over the band's extended future. And then came the sacking of Euan Lowson. Oh boy, the press vultures were closing in on the horizon . . .

BUT THE Pallas pendulum is in full swing again and I'm sitting chewing the cud and sweating the dusty afternoon away with the mighty Graeme Murray (bassman and chief band mouth-piece), Ronnie Brown (keyboards wiz and affable tongue clicker), and – *ta ra, ta ra!* – new vocalist, Alan Reed, more of whom in a mo. Let's stay chronological and kick off with the elbowing of Euan. Like, why?

"The trouble started before the tour when we were writing the new songs; Euan just wasn't getting involved at all."

Graeme leans his sizeable frame back against the wall and gives it to me straight. Ronnie nods in agreement . . .

"The truth is that Euan was always generally lazy and that the four of us had been carrying him along for some time. It wouldn't be true to say that he did absolutely nothing; he had ideas that would gel certain pieces of music together, particularly the longer stuff like 'Rise and Fall' and 'Atlantis'. But since the turn of the year – and none of us knows the reason why – Euan seems to have had trouble motivating himself. The whole band wanted desperately to *blast* forward but we ended up with about two hours of musical ideas from Euan and no form. Then on tour, even with his involvement through the theatrics on stage, there was a lack of any real conviction . . .

"Euan wanted to go for it on the tour all right, but he didn't want to work for it. And magic doesn't just happen because you want it to, you have to work and work!"

"What you saw on the tour," continues Ronnie, "was very much a mild version of something we had all worked out with Euan as the puppet and us trying to operate the strings. Things had got that way because of his lack of involvement in the work. What we decided amongst ourselves after the tour was that we needed a *real* fifth member who would work as hard as us, and in the same way. Someone who would put forward ideas with substance, someone who would live the part."

left-right: Ronnie Brown, Graeme Murray, new boy Alan Reed, Niall Mathewson, Derek Forman.

ENTER THROUGH the secret door round the back, the diminutive Alan Reed. Just 20 Summer's old, he's been studying for an English degree at Strathclyde University and fronting his own pub/club band by night. On the Glasgow pub circuit Pallas enjoy a legendary status amongst the hardcore regulars, so when Radio Clyde DJ Tom Russell offered to mail a tape of Alan's to the Pallas boys up in Aberdeen, the youngster readily agreed. Take it away, Al . . .

"After I'd given the cassette over, I must admit that I didn't expect to hear anything back for quite some time – if at all," he chuckles. "I'd heard that the band had received over 500 tape so I wasn't hoping for too much, but 24 hours later the phone rang. It was Graeme on the other end of the line saying, 'Can you be in Aberdeen tomorrow?' I couldn't believe it, you know?"

Pallas liked what they saw, but being the wiley eggs that they are, decided to put Alan to the test by inviting members of the official fan club to a secret one-off performance in some Aberdonian retreat. A way of finding out what the fans thought before making a final decision.

"Aye! They sprung that one on me about eight hours before we were due to go on," laughs Alan.

"It was such an enormous buzz that night," intones Ronnie. "If you believe in fate then you have to believe that this is the guy we've been looking for!"

So how did Alan rate his predecessor . . . AND . . . can we expect to see him touting a new line in sword 'n' cloak accessories on future Pallas dates?

"Well, Euan's theatrics were always impressive to look at, and they got the band a lot of attention, but for me they didn't really translate beyond that. The second or third time I saw the band, when the mask came on for 'Atlantis', it was difficult for me to take it seriously. And it had begun to look as if it took *itself* too seriously, that whole amateur dramatics bit."

So what can we expect from you, Alan?

"Less cloaks, for a start," he laughs. "Seriously, though, I want to be just as theatrical, just as expressive, *more* expressive even, but on my own terms. Using my body to say those things that my mouth can't. You're going to know exactly who I am. I'm not going to be an extra in a space opera."

The room collapses . . .

THE FEELING your correspondent got from the band was one of relaxed super-confidence. Graeme and Ronnie and the rest of the Pallas people obviously have a great deal of faith in their new man, who recently played some dates with them for *real*. They also plan to make certain festival appearances (see *Mayhem*) before heading off on their first king-size tour of Canada and the States; after that, they'll return to the studio to record their next album.

"In the last six months, Alan's gone from singing in front of his bedroom mirror, to fronting his own wee band in the clubs, to joining us," smiles Graeme. "This guy is obviously not into messing around . . . and that is very, very good news for us, for him, and for the fans!"

MICK WALL

TOUR DATES

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST play a one-off show at London Wembley Arena on October 13 – a date exclusively predicted in Mayhem issue 70. Tickets, priced at £7.30/£6.30, can be obtained by sending cheques/POs, made out to **Kennedy Street Enterprises**, to: **BJH Concerts, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH**. An SAE should also be enclosed.

Alternatively, they can be bought at the Wembley Arena box office (priced at £7/£6) or from branches of London Theatre Bookings, Keith Prowse, Premier Box Office and Albermarle. A credit card hotline has also been set up on **01-741 8989**.

LITTLE STEVEN & THE DISCIPLES OF SOUL play four headlining UK shows during September: London Hammersmith Odeon 11, Manchester Hacienda 12, Nottingham Royal Centre 14, Birmingham Odeon 16.

HANOI ROCKS, who finally issue their debut album for CBS (**'Two Steps From The Move'**) on September 10, head out on a co-headlining tour with the **Damned** during the coming weeks. The first date is London Hammersmith Palais on September 20.

NIGHTWING will be playing London Marquee Club on September 6.

THE NEW TORPEDOS play a show at London Dingwalls on August 22.

EMERSON have confirmed the following shows: London Marquee Club August 28, Oxford Penny Farthing September 1, Darlington Lucinda's Club 4, Whitehaven Whitehouse Club 6, Glasgow Hard Rock Cafe 7, Edinburgh Playhouse 8.

JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS have added the following shows to their touring itinerary: Nottingham Rock City August 27, Leeds Warehouse 28, Manchester Hacienda 29, Dublin TV Club 31.

■ **BIG COUNTRY**, (above l-r: **Bruce Watson, Stuart Adamson, Mark Brzezicki** and **Tony Butler**) who are currently working on their second album with producer **Steve Lillywhite** at Polar Studios in Stockholm (exclusively revealed in *Mayhem* issue 70), undertake a full UK tour during October, the dates for which are: Glasgow Apollo 7, Edinburgh Playhouse 8, Newcastle Apollo 9, Manchester Apollo 11, Liverpool Royal Court Theatre 12, Nottingham Royal Concert Hall 13, Birmingham Odeon 15, St. Austell Coliseum 16, Bournemouth International Centre 17, London Hammersmith Odeon 19/20.

Tickets are priced at £5/£4, except for St. Austell, where they're £5, and London (£6/£5/£4). They can be obtained now from all box offices and the usual agencies.

The quartet will be issuing a new single at the end of August, following this up with the aforementioned, as yet untitled, LP at the end of September.

AIRRACE have lined up the following dates: Runcorn Foxy's Night Spot August 23, Gravesend Red Lion 24, Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre 25, London Marquee Club 28, Gwent Cross Keys Institute September 8, Manchester The Gallery 13, Bristol Granary 15, Grimsby The Community Hall 22, Stoke-On-Trent JP's October 3, Whitehaven Whitehouse 5.

ORE play London Marquee Club on August 26.

PENDRAGON have added the following dates to their schedule: Bristol Granary September 1, Oxford Penny Farthing 2, Exmouth Pavilion 10, Sidmouth College 11, Yeovil Johnson Hall 12, Torrington The Plough 14, Okehampton College 15, Taunton Kingstons Club 19, Torquay 400 Club 21, Exeter St. George's Hall 22 and Plymouth Oceans Club 23.

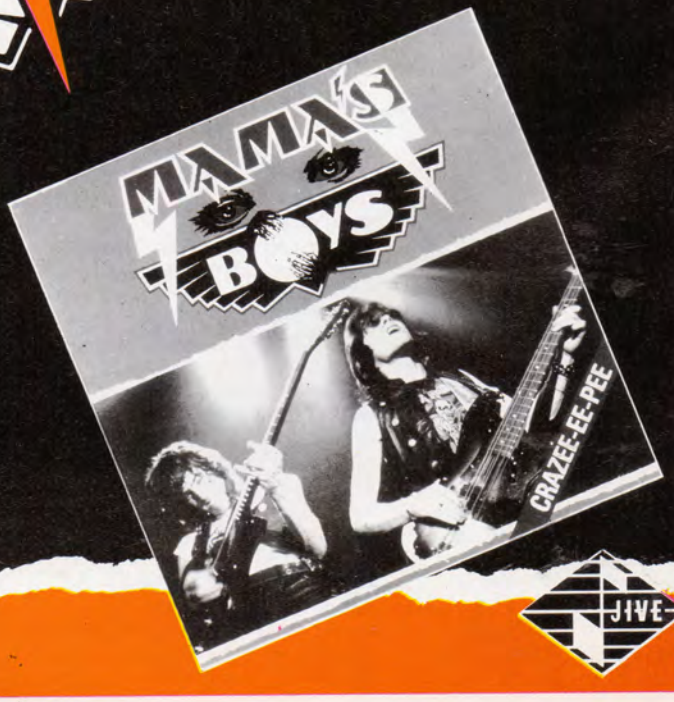
AUNT MAY continue their 'Give Us A Deal You Bastards' tour with shows at Fulham Greyhound September 5 and Walthamstow Royal Standard 21.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS play Baildon Harley Davidson Rally August 25, Whitehaven Whitehouse Club 30, Retford Porterhouse September 1. The trio have switched their proposed gig at Oxford Penny Farthing from August 31 to September 14.

GLASGOW play Birkenhead Stairways Club August 25.

MAMA'S BOYS

The new CRAZEE-EE-PEE featuring "Mama We're All Crazee Now" plus 3 other tracks.



Available on 2 x 7" singles in double pack gatefold sleeve at normal 7" single price – Jive G 71 and 4-track 12" Jive T 71.

Produced by Chris Tsangarides.

JIVE

KILLERWATT

Instrument reviews by PAUL HENDERSON

ARIA 'ROCK TREK-I': not recommended for stage use

ARIA 'Rock Trek-1' ME-30 Multi-Effects Unit RRP £159.53

THE MANUFACTURER'S leaflet claims that this is *"the most advanced signal processor on the market today"*. Well, some people have all the cheek, don't they?

The 'Rock Trek-1' is actually another practice pre-amp type of device in the same category as the by now familiar Boss 'Play Bus' (which I reviewed in *Killerwatt*, issue 70). Its main function is as a device into which you plug your instrument and listen to what you're playing through headphones, with the facility to also feed in the output from a cassette player etc so that you can play along with the music.

And for that it's fine; adequate for the job and a useful item to have around. But I think the manufacturers of this unit (and those of the Play Bus) over-reach themselves by suggesting that they will double as effects units for stage use; because realistically they won't. They will *work* in a live situation, but they are not really that *suitable*. But let's have a look at what the 'Rock Trek' has to offer and then come back to this point later.

It's a very strong metal box, approximately 5¾" square by 1¾" high, finished in black with white lettering. The front panel houses a standard jack input for instrument; stereo mini-jack auxiliary input (insertion into either of these switches on the power and illuminates a red LED); two three-position 'function' switches; rotary knobs for output level and overdrive gain, and two stereo mini-jack socket headphone outputs.

The unit can be powered by eight penlight batteries or by a 12 volt DC adaptor *via* an input at the rear. The upper 'function' switch is used to select 'delay' (for the reverb effect), 'chorus' or 'bi-mode' (reverb + chorus) operation. The lower 'function' switch selects 'normal I', 'normal II' or 'overdrive' tones; the amount of overdrive is governed by the rotary 'overdrive' control.

The delay and chorus effects are not variable, so I'm pleased to say that the fixed settings provided are quite good; both approximate to what might be called the 'most popular' settings chosen on their variable counterparts. The delay provides a pleasant reverb effect, whilst the chorus has a fairly slow rate and a good depth without being so deep as to be obtrusive.

Of the tone settings available on the lower 'function' switch, 'normal I' is, as you might expect, pretty normal: a flat response with no alteration to the incoming signal. 'normal II' is a beefier sound; more like playing through a 'real' guitar amp. The 'overdrive' setting, in conjunction with the overdrive gain control, gives it even more guts, which at top whack provides a reasonable amount of brain damage.

As a practice pre-amp, like I said earlier, it's fine – does the business; no problem. But as for my earlier bone of contention – using it as a stage device – here are a few reasons why I, for one, wouldn't consider it suitable. First off, when you bang it through an amplifier you are immediately confronted with a high noise level – a loud hiss, which is very off-putting. Secondly, there's no way out of the effects; you're permanently going through either delay, chorus, or both. And, of course, the effects and the tone selections are not foot-switchable, so it's difficult to change from one to another during a number. Add to this the unreliability (live work at any rate) of mini-jacks and their adaptors and its unsuitability for live work becomes manifest.

At £159 (including headphones and a mini-jack to female standard jack adaptor) the 'Rock Trek' seems rather expensive. It also means that it's likely to be selling in the shops at a very similar price to, and therefore in direct competition with, the 'Play Bus'. Even though the basic facilities on each are quite similar, each has a couple of advantages over the other, so I suppose it comes down to personal preference in the end.

Which one would *I* choose? Well, let's just say that I can see the 'Play Bus' being the bigger seller of the two.

Further information from: *Gigsville Ltd, Phoenix Way, Heston, Middx. Tel: 01 897 3792.*

JACKSON GUITARS: 'Soloist' (left) and 'Kelly'

THE CALIFORNIA-BASED company of Charvel/Jackson have introduced two new six-strings and a new bass to their line of guitars.

Whereas Wayne Charvel is probably best known for his 'Eliminator' car-shaped guitars made for Texan plank-spankers ZZ Top, 'Jacksons' were a favourite of the late Randy Rhoads and can currently be seen being played by the likes of Robbin Crosby of Ratt and ex-Kiss man Vinnie Vincent.

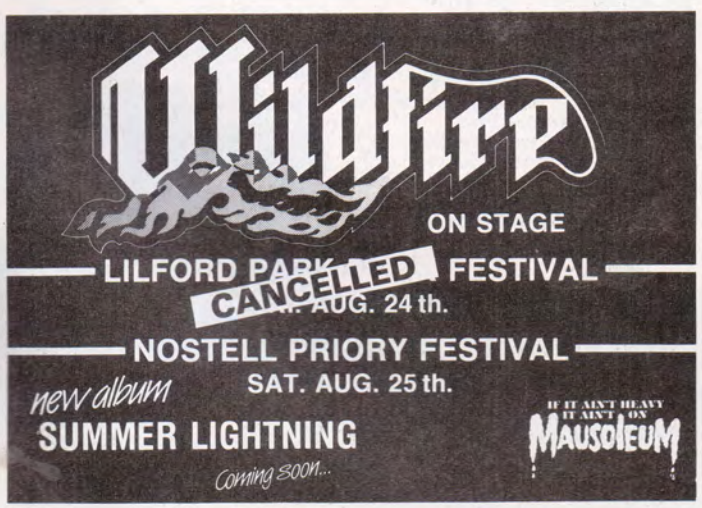
The new Jackson 'Soloist' and 'Kelly' six-strings both have as standard features Seymour Duncan pickups and the highly acclaimed Kahler tremelo system. (*Killerwatt – Kerrang!* issue 66).

Whilst the 'Soloist' is a fairly traditional 'Strat' shape, the 'Kelly' is in the 'tasteful flash' category, with a neat pin-striping around the edge to emphasise the very attractive, modern, angular body design. Both are available in either 'Custom' or 'Student' versions, the former having an ebony fingerboard, custom inlays and binding on the neck; the latter with rosewood fingerboard, pearl dot inlays and no binding.

The new Jackson 'Concert' bass is a through-neck design and features EMG pickups and a Charvel bass bridge.

All three new models have the distinctive Jackson headstock, black hardware and are available in Ivory, Black and Ferrari Red.

For more information contact David Williams at *Charvel Mfg., P.O. Box 245, San Dimas, CA 91773, USA. Tel: (714) 599 9207.*



Pic Pete Cronin

GEORDIE METAL-MARAUDERS (it sez here) ***Tysondog*** *recently visited the sea-side to get their, uh, heads together, which is where we caught up with them. Kind of brings a new meaning to the term sea-weed(s) . . .*

Pic Pete Cronin

NO EXPENSE spared for Mansfield's high-flying rockers ***Savage,*** *pictured here on the road with their new luxury tour bus complete with fully automated air-conditioning and natty front-wheel drive. Apparently,* ***Dave Dickson*** *was onboard for the start of their journey . . . but the poor wee thing slipped through the wire mesh after the first bumpy mile.*

WELCOME TO the Browbeat Squad! When you work for ***Ozzy Osbourne*** *you don't go to sleep at night . . . unless, of course, you want to wake up with a space above your eyes where eyebrows used to be! It seems that Ozzy's favourite punishment for any employee who dares actually sleep at night is to personally shave off at least one brow. Early victims during the (mad)man's recent sojourn in the South of France – pictured below alongside the boss – were (left to right)* ***Pete****, Ozzy's personal assistant, and* ***Roland****, the big O's PR person. Very, um, highbrow (ouch!)*

Pic Tony Mottram

Pic Dino Safari

OMIGOD! She's gawn and dunnit again, hasn't she? The remarkably photogenic ***Lee Aaron*** *wins the* Kerrang! *gold medal for the longest uninterrupted run of appearances in* View From The Bar. *This week she's seen comparing microphone-holding techniques (cough) with head of the* ***Headpins, Darby Mills*** *– a rank amateur when it comes to getting her fizzog into the hallowed* 'Bar *pages . . . stay tuned for our next issue when Lee attempts the world record, currently held by* ***Ray*** *'Pooh'* ***Palmer*** *of this parish.*

Pic Ray Palmer

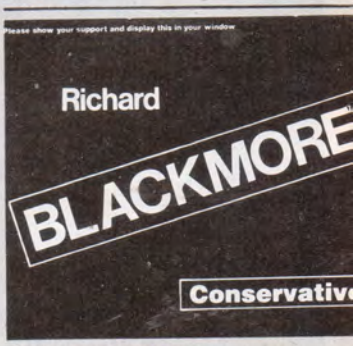
ONE OF these two people used to be in the ***Scorpions*** *. . . and one of them didn't.* ***Uli Jon Roth*** *(left) taps his brother* ***Jochen*** *for a fiver at the* EMI/Capitol *signing of little bro's band* ***Zeno.*** *It seems the Roth child's band are worth a juicy six-figures to the big boys over at Manchester Square . . .*

IS THERE any truth in the filthy rumour that **Ritchie Blackmore** has insisted on **Ian Gillan** and **Jon Lord** (both longtime Real Ale males) checking into a health-farm to lose weight before any **Purple** publicity pix can be shot? Well, is there . . .?

BACK IN the Real Men den of iniquity, *Kerrang!* gets another special mention in the new issue of *In Touch* magazine – the American Hollywood Babylon for gays. It seems that 'Big Boy' **Barton** has entered into surreptitious correspondence with said mag, even sending them colour proofs of **Biff Byford's** bulging talent, as seen in *Kerrang!* no 68. Geoff had an unhappy childhood, of course . . .

ANOTHER TRULY momentous occasion in the annals of rock occurred last week when youthful Assistant Editor of *Kerrang!*, **Dante Bonutto**, announced it was his birthday to an unsuspecting office of ageing heavy hacks. The 'kid' celebrated in regular mighty mayhem style with a prolonged bout of pretty serious boozing with a few intimately acquainted alcoholics he likes to hang out with on such auspicious occasions.

Lining up at the bar to buy the **Geoff** 'Big Boy' **Barton, Dave** 'All I Want For Xmas Is Some Size 3 Elevated Shoes' **Dickson,** 'Pooh' **Palmer, Mick** 'Deja vu' **Wall, Xavier** 'Twin-Neck Squash Racket' **Russell, Howard** 'I'm from the North' **Johnson** and several ladies of dubious persuasion who refused tc leave their names. **'Krusher' Joule** was actually spotted looking for a bog window to climb *out* of, and Dante later admitted to having aged 10 years in the past 24 hours. That's showbiz, folks . . .



CANVASSING FOR your vote under the swell of a black flag no doubt. ***Ritchie Blackmore*** *seems to be expanding his plans for total world domination by dragging his* Stratocaster *into the political arena? The Political Arena? A bit like Madison Square Garden – only smaller . . .*

SINGLES

1	—	NERVOUS SHAKEDOWN **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
2	—	WE ROCK **Dio** (Vertigo)
3	1	UP AROUND THE BEND **Hanoi Rocks** (CBS)
4	—	EMPTY ROOMS **Gary Moore** (10)
5	9	BREAKAWAY **Spider** (A&M)
6	3	LEGS (METAL MIX) **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
7	5	ANIMAL (**** LIKE A BEAST) **W.A.S.P.** (Music For Nations)
8	2	IT CAN HAPPEN **Yes** (Atco)
9	11	ASSASSING **Marillion** (EMI)
10	—	I'LL WAIT **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
11	7	THE LAST IN LINE **Dio** (Vertigo import)
12	—	ISLAND IN THE SUN **Alcatrazz** (RCA)
13	6	SO TIRED **Ozzy Osbourne** (Epic)
14	4	THUNDER ON THE TUNDRA **Thor** (Ultra Noise)
15	14	WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE IT **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
16	10	IT'S MY LIFE **Wendy O. Williams** (Music For Nations)
17	24	ROLL AWAY THE STONE **Pet Hate** (FM)
18	15	THE BODY ELECTRIC **Rush** (Vertigo)
19	8	MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW **Quiet Riot** (Pasha import)
20	—	2 MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
21	13	TWO SIDES OF LOVE **Sammy Hagar** (Geffen import)
22	16	WHEN THE LIGHTS GO DOWN **Chrome Molly** (Bulleon)
23	23	NOISE, FILTH & FURY EP **Warfare** (Neat)
24	27	TOO DIFFERENT, TWO PEOPLE **Persian Risk** (Zebra)
25	17	APOCALYPTIC RAID **Hellhammer** (Noise import)
26	22	PANAMA **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
27	19	PUNCH & JUDY **Marillion** (EMI)
28	18	ALL FIRED UP **Fastway** (CBS)
29	12	SISTER CHRISTIAN **Night Ranger** (MCA)
30	29	HEARTUSER **Di'Anno** (FM)

TOP ROCK & HM ALBUMS

15 Years Ago (August 23, 1969)

1. STAND UP **Jethro Tull** (Chrysalis)
2. AHEAD RINGS OUT **Blodwyn Pig** (Island)
3. LED ZEPPELIN **Led Zeppelin** (Atlantic)
4. LOOKING BACK **John Mayall** (Decca)
5. ON THE THRESHOLD OF A DREAM **Moody Blues** (Deram)
6. AS SAFE AS YESTERDAY **Humble Pie** (Immediate)
7. THE PIOUS BIRD OF GOOD OMEN **Fleetwood Mac** (Blue Horizon)
8. MORE **Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
9. A SALTY DOG **Procol Harum** (Regal Zonophone)
10. GOODBYE **Cream** (Polydor)

10 Years Ago (August 24, 1974)

1. 461 OCEAN BOULEVARD **Eric Clapton** (RSO)
2. DARK SIDE OF THE MOON **Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
3. JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH **Rick Wakeman** (A&M)
4. WELCOME BACK MY FRIENDS, TO THE SHOW THAT NEVER ENDS **Emerson, Lake & Palmer** (Manticore)
5. BAD COMPANY **Bad Company** (Swan Song)
6. A NICE PAIR **Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
7. ROCK BOTTOM **Robert Wyatt** (Virgin)
8. MEDDLE **Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
9. PHAEDRA **Tangerine Dream** (Virgin)
10. QUO **Status Quo** (Vertigo)

5 Years Ago (August 25, 1979)

1. BREAKFAST IN AMERICA **Supertramp** (A&M)
2. DOWN TO EARTH **Rainbow** (Polydor)
3. HIGHWAY TO HELL **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
4. COMMUNIQUE **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
5. LIVE KILLERS **Queen** (EMI)
6. DIRE STRAITS **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
7. BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland)
8. MIRRORS **Blue Oyster Cult** (CBS)
9. BLACK ROSE **Thin Lizzy** (Vertigo)
10. IN THE SKIES **Peter Green** (PVK)

ALBUMS

1	1	THE LAST IN LINE **Dio** (Vertigo)
2	14	CONDITION CRITICAL **Quiet Riot** (Epic)
3	—	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
4	2	MAMA'S BOYS **Mama's Boys** (Jive)
5	9	1984 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
6	3	ROCK WILL NEVER DIE **Michael Schenker Group** (Chrysalis)
7	13	DI'ANNO **Di'Anno** (FM)
8	6	STREET TALK **Steve Perry** (CBS)
9	11	PYROMANIA **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
10	5	STAY HUNGRY **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
11	27	BOX OF FROGS **Box Of Frogs** (Epic)
12	8	OUT OF THE CELLAR **Ratt** (Atlantic)
13	—	HELL COMES TO YOUR HOUSE **Various** (Music For Nations)
14	17	FUGAZI **Marillion** (EMI)
15	—	IN ROCK WE TRUST **Y&T** (A&M)
16	4	ALL FIRED UP **Fastway** (CBS)
17	23	HEAD ON ROCK 'N' ROLL **Michael Furlong** (Roadrunner)
18	12	ALL THOSE WASTED YEARS **Hanoi Rocks** (Johanna)
19	42	ASSAULT & FLATTERY **Holly Woods & Toronto** (Solid Gold)
20	15	INDEPENDENT DAYS **Hawkwind** (Flicknife)
21	20	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
22	18	GRACE UNDER PRESSURE **Rush** (Vertigo)
23	—	VOA **Sammy Hagar** (Geffen)
24	10	W.O.W. **Wendy O. Williams** (Music For Nations)
25	—	UNLACED **Black Lace** (Mausoleum)
26	7	COULDN'T STAND THE WEATHER **Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble** (Epic)
27	19	STAKK ATTACK **Wrathchild** (Heavy Metal Records)
28	26	BON JOVI **Bon Jovi** (Mercury)
29	21	MASK **Roger Glover** (Polydor)
30	33	SIGNS OF LIFE **Billy Squier** (Capitol)
31	34	90125 **Yes** (Atco)
32	44	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR **Marillion** (EMI)
33	22	DIRTY FINGERS **Gary Moore** (Jet)
34	—	POWER FROM THE UNIVERSE **Battleaxe** (Music For Nations)
35	24	VICES **Kick Axe** (Pasha)
36	36	AT WAR WITH SATAN **Venom** (Neat)
37	45	CONTRABAND **Export** (Epic)
38	16	ORION THE HUNTER **Orion The Hunter** (Portrait)
39	31	DANCIN' ON THE EDGE **Lita Ford** (Vertigo)
40	32	VOICE OF AMERICA **Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul** (EMI America)
41	37	FIREPOWER **Chateaux** (Ebony)
42	43	NO PAROLE FROM ROCK 'N' ROLL – LIVE SENTENCE **Alcatrazz** (Rocshire)
43	28	EDGE OF THE WORLD **Wolf** (Mausoleum)
44	29	TIMING **Urgent** (Epic)
45	39	SLIDE IT IN (US REMIX) **Whitesnake** (Geffen)
46	41	SHOUT IT OUT **Maineeaxe** (Powerstation)
47	25	ICON **Icon** (Capitol)
48	35	LOVE AT FIRST STING **Scorpions** (Harvest)
49	38	ABOUT FACE **David Gilmour** (Harvest)
50	—	AKIMBO ALOGO **Kim Mitchell** (Alert)

IMPORT ALBUMS

1. MAMA'S BOYS **Mama's Boys** (Jive)
2. HEAD ON ROCK 'N' ROLL **Michael Furlong** (Roadrunner)
3. ALL THOSE WASTED YEARS **Hanoi Rocks** (Johanna)
4. ASSAULT & FLATTERY **Holly Woods & Toronto** (Solid Gold)
5. VOA **Sammy Hagar** (Geffen)
6. SIGNS OF LIFE **Billy Squier** (Capitol)
7. VICES **Kick Axe** (Pasha)
8. CONTRABAND **Export** (Epic)
9. EDGE OF THE WORLD **Wolf** (Mausoleum)
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PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . . PLAYLIST . . .

MALCOLM DOME

'SIGNS OF LIFE' Billy Squier (Capitol import)

'THE BLITZ' Krokus (Arista)

'KILLED BY DEATH' Motörhead (Bronze 45)

'VOA' Sammy Hagar (Geffen import)

DANTE BONUTTO

'THE BLITZ' Krokus (Arista)

'BEWARE OF THE DOG' Tysondog (Neat)

'POWER SLAVE' Iron Maiden (EMI)

'RUN FOR YOUR LIFE'/

'GET READY' Hellion (demos)

MICK WALL

'ROCK ME TONITE' Billy Squier (Capitol 45)

'KILLED BY DEATH' Motörhead (Bronze 45)

'BLACK MOUNTAIN' Mike Wilhelm (Fan Club Records)

'COME TO THE SABBATH' Mercyful Fate (track from the 'Don't Break The Oath' LP on Music For Nations)

GEOFF BARTON

'PURPLE RAIN' Prince & The Revolution (Warner Brothers)

'SELF CONTROL' Laura Branigan (Atlantic 45)

'BLACK 'N' BLUE Black 'N' Blue (Geffen import)

'HERE COMES THE WIND' Jim Dandy (track from the 'Ready As Hell' LP on Hacienda import)

KERRANG!

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DIO

A SIGHT you will never see . . . the American Dio stageshow. The initial US leg of the world tour has met with colossal support, with the album ('The Last In Line') shooting up the charts and the extravagant staging almost – but thankfully not quite – stunning the sold-out audiences into silence. Much to Iron Maiden's doubtless chagrin, the theme is an Egyptian one, centred on a huge pyramid which dominates the stage, the apex lifting off at the beginning of the show to reveal our hero before he bounces down the steps in triumphant Des O'Connor variety show style. Nah, only joking Ronnie, it looks great!

Unfortunately, the cost of shipping, plus the limited size of many European stages, means that a new set has been built on a rather less grandiose scale for the shows on this side of the Atlantic. However, it is hoped that at least one of the laser-eyed sphinx may make the trip, which should allow some of the more conflagratory parts of the stageshow to remain intact, local authorities permitting.

At one point in the US show half a dozen lasers and enough pyro to hold back nightfall for half an hour serve up a visual treat that should have every self-respecting fire officer turning white – no doubt we will be treated to a more moderate performance, but the quality will doubtless remain first grade.

With no pyramid the show's most spectacular feature will be missing though, explosions or no explosions; a colossal three-headed serpent actually emerges from the base of the pyramid to tower over the band, its red eyes glowing menacingly in the dark. Ever down to earth, Ronnie's distressingly realistic about the monster, though: "I saw it being made, I see it every day before we use it, and I can tell you when you see it lying there it looks just like a giant turd in a box!"

Thanks Ronnie, but I thought it was neat anyway . . .

PAUL SUTER